

# The Daily Mirror.

No. 4.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1903.

One Penny.

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SPECIAL DISPLAY TO-DAY  
Dinner and Reception Gowns.  
New Models just received from  
our Paris House  
Exquisite Point de Venise, Garnitures,  
Roses de Lamballe, etc.

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PARIS LONDON

## VICTORY'S FURS.

ELEGANT and EXCLUSIVE MODELS.

STRICTLY MODERATE CHARGES.

162, REGENT STREET, W.

The High-class Washing Material

### 'Viyella'

(Regd.)

FOR

Day and Night Wear.

ECONOMICAL

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"DAILY TELEGRAPH" says:—

"The material that is really warm without being unduly heavy is obviously the most hygienic. 'VIYELLA' fulfils these conditions, and is an ideal material for both sexes, for both day and night wear."

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Genuine "VIYELLA" bears the "VIYELLA" label on the selvedge every 5 yards.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

To be obtained from all leading Drapers, Hosiery, and Outfitters.

Or name of nearest sent on application to  
"VIYELLA" (D.M.), Friday Street, London, E.C.

'Viyella' Hosiery Underwear, Specially suitable for sensitive skins, can also be obtained.

## GREAT SALE.

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## PIANOS.

### CHAPPELL & CO., Ltd.,

beg to announce their after season Sale of Second-hand Pianofortes of their manufacture, of which there are some hundreds to select from. These instruments, which have had but very little wear, are being offered at EXCEPTIONALLY LOW PRICES for cash, or on the instalment system, as they must be cleared to make room for new stock.

ILLUSTRATED LIST, WITH PARTICULARS OF SALE PRICES, POST FREE.

CHAPPELL and CO., Ltd., Pianoforte Manufacturers, 50, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.



# MAPLE & CO

## TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD LONDON

Readers of the "Daily Mirror" are invited to inspect the interesting new series of specimen-furnished Bedrooms at Maple & Co's Galleries, Tottenham Court Road.

### BEDROOM SUITES from £4 10s

The "DURBAN" Suite £6 16s 6d



THE "DURBAN" BEDROOM SUITE in Hazelwood, comprising Wardrobe with plate glass door; Marble Top Washstand with Tiled Back and Towel Rails attached; Dressing Chest with bevelled Mirror and three long Drawers; two Chairs ... .. £6 16s. 6d.

WRITE FOR "LM" ILLUSTRATIONS OF INEXPENSIVE BEDROOM SUITES.

# MAPLE & CO

£7:10 **BENSON'S** £5

**WATCHES AND RINGS**  
At Makers' Cash Prices,  
Saving Buyers ONE-THIRD.

Keyless Lever watch, in 18-ct. Gold Cases; Hunting, or Half-Hunting, £7 10s.

Brilliant and Sapphire or Ruby, £2 10s.

Brilliant and Rubies, £17.

Gold Keeper Rings, from 10s.

Brilliant Rubies or Sapphires, £2 15s.

Keyless Lever Watch in 18-ct. Gold Crystal Glass Cases, £5.

Guinea Gold Lucky Wedding Rings, from 15s.

Brilliant, £15.

**NOTE.**—Watches, Clocks, Chains, Rings, Bags, &c., can be supplied on "The Times" System of Monthly Payments at same Cash prices.

**SELECTIONS ON APPROVAL.** **INSPECTION INVITED.**

Gold Guard or Muff Chains, £4 to £25.  
Guide Book, profusely illustrated, of Watches, Jewellery, Chains, Rings, Bags, &c., Free. (Mention "DAILY MIRROR.")  
Steam Factory: **62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.;** And 25, OLD BOND ST., W.

## TRISCUIT.

Triscuits are made in the wonderful Laboratory of the Natural Food Company, Niagara Falls, U.S.A. They supply the all-round needs of the human body. They require chewing, which brings saliva. They are composed of porous shreds which admit easily ALL the digestive juices. They are not made of flour, grease, and chemicals like other biscuits, wafers, and bread, but are simply **WHOLE SHREDDED WHEAT**, baked by electricity. In eating them one lives "naturally" and corrects by nature the common ills of diet.

THERE IS NOTHING SO CRISP AS TRISCUIT!  
FOR GOOD HEALTH EAT

"TRISCUIT"

(with butter, preserves, cheese, etc.) with every meal,

**SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT**  
(with milk) for breakfast and supper.

ORDER OF YOUR GROCER TO-DAY.

SAMPLES FREE.

C. E. INGERSOLL, 46, St. George's House, Eastcheap, E.C.

An attractive novelty,  
replacing bread or toast,  
to be taken buttered  
with every meal.



By Special Appointment to  
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

And as purchased by

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.  
H.I.M. THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.  
H.I.M. THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO, ETC., ETC.

THE HUNDREDS OF ELECTRIC  
CARRIAGES IN LONDON . . .

are supplied by the

## CITY AND SUBURBAN ELECTRIC CARRIAGE Co.

(LIMITED),

NIAGARA, LONDON, S.W.

EVERYONE IS BUYING THEM BECAUSE:

- THEY ARE CHEAPER THAN HORSES.
- MUCH FASTER THAN HORSES.
- TRouble WITH SERVANTS AVOIDED.
- LONDON STABLES CAN BE GIVEN UP.
- WE HOUSE YOUR CARRIAGE.

GARAGES AT PICCADILLY, WESTMINSTER  
SOUTH KENSINGTON, etc. . . .

You order your Car for a certain hour. It will be there.

We do the rest.

We build carriage bodies to any design required.

Telegrams: CARIOLES.

Telephones: 300, 699, and 42 WESTMINSTER.

Great Reduction in the Price of a  
Remarkable Floor Covering.

## TRELOAR'S Inlaid Linoleum.

WILL NOW BE SENT, CARRIAGE PAID, TO

ANY RAILWAY STATION IN ENGLAND AT

THE FOLLOWING GREATLY REDUCED RATES.

Roll 6ft. wide, containing 12½ square yards	.. ..	£1 10 0
Roll 6ft. wide, containing 25 square yards	.. ..	£2 18 0
1 Roll 6ft. wide, containing 50 square yards	.. ..	£5 15 0

BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS AND COLOURINGS

Samples on Application.

The Pattern on this Linoleum is NOT Printed;  
it is Inlaid. It Never Wears off; it Never  
looks Shabby.

**TRELOAR,**  
LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

Catalogue of Floor Coverings Free.

Telegrams: TRELOAR, LONDON. Telephone: 5044 Bank.





# TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Keen, bright frosty weather; fog in the morning.  
Lighting up time for all vehicles, 5.26.  
SEA PASSAGES.  
English Channel, smooth to moderate; North Sea and Irish Channel, smooth.

# The Daily Mirror.

Thursday, Nov. 5, 1903.

399th Day of Year.

56 days to Dec. 31.

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1903.	Nov.					Dec.
Sun. ...	8	15	22	29	...	6
Mon. ...	9	16	23	30	...	7
Tues. ...	10	17	24	...	...	1
Wed. ...	11	18	25	...	...	2
Thurs. ...	5	12	19	26	...	3
Fri. ...	6	13	20	27	...	4
Sat. ...	7	14	21	28	...	5

## TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

### What Next?

The world moves so fast now that we expect a sensation every day, and are wont to count that a dull morning on which our newspaper does not furnish us with a thrill of agreeable or disagreeable surprise. We would not for the world be deemed lacking in modesty; but the prosaic document on which are recorded the orders of newsagents for the *Daily Mirror* inclines us to the belief that this newspaper has some title to be regarded as a small revolution in itself. It has already upset the opinion long held in this country that women would not support a high-class paper which refused to ignore their existence.

For our part (let us still be modest) even we ourselves are surprised at the cordiality with which we have been welcomed. Vanity might attribute it entirely to that justice by which (we are told) merit is always rewarded. But we do not so far deceive ourselves. We do not, indeed, pretend that the *Daily Mirror* is without merit; to do so were an affectation in ourselves, and a crying impertinence to our readers. True, we hope in time so to polish it that no intelligent person shall fail to recognise himself or herself in its surface; but in addition to whatever qualities the paper may possess we have a very lively sense that its immediate success is in part due to the gratitude of an important section of the community who have been so long and so shamefully neglected.

And, speaking of revolutions, we are this morning reminded of the existence of a sister journal which shall be nameless. The fact that its reporters did, sitting in Carmelite House, hear with their own ears, and write out with their own hands, Mr. Chamberlain's great speech in Birmingham, word by word as he delivered it, seems impossible, but it is actually and literally true. Ten years ago, if one had been told such a story one would have been inclined to say that the gentlemen in question must have very long ears, or the public very long legs, suitable for pulling. Yet to-day it has been accomplished—and by such simple contrivances as a few pieces of brass, ebonite, and platinum, and about a hundred miles of copper wire.

This kind of thing is called, by the unimaginative, business enterprise; it is really romance, it is magic. If one tries to think of what lies between London and Birmingham—all the din of railways and factories, to say nothing of the night wind singing along that strange, unconscious line of copper wire upon which the words were silently and viewlessly hurrying, the mind refuses to accept an impossibility so patent and tremendous. Yet, although we cannot realise, we must believe; and the process of newspaper reporting which was inaugurated last night must be regarded as but one more revolution. To-day it is a sensation; to-morrow it will be a commonplace; and there is nothing left to do but to ask, What next?

### Peckham Rye!

Novelists who are so fond of writing of the ways of secret societies prefer that their characters should skulk along the Nevsky Prospect at St. Petersburg, or some narrow bye-way of an old Italian town, but recent events have shown that this great mysterious London of ours is as full of the romance of tragedy as any of the more romantically circumstanced habitations of men. How many of us, in our daily avocations, know that we are brushing shoulders with foreign assassins? On the stage one expects this kind of thing. In real life one can hardly believe it when one reads it.

## Court



## Circular.

Buckingham Palace, November 4.

His Majesty the King this morning presented special medals to officers of the Mercantile Marine for service in connection with the conveyance of troops in transport on time charter to and from South Africa and China during the late wars.

His Majesty was attended by Lord Suffolk, General Sir Godfrey Clerk, Colonel A. Davidson, and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. C. Legge (Lord, Groom, and Equerries in Waiting), Admiral Sir Henry Stephenson (First and Principal Naval Aide-de-Camp), Captain W. H. B. Graham, R.N., and Captain Percy M. Scott, R.N. (Aides-de-Camp in Waiting), and Lieutenant-Colonel C. Frederick (Deputy Master of the Household).

The Earl of Selborne (First Lord of the Admiralty), Rear-Admiral J. Durnford (Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty), Rear-Admiral G. T. R. Boyes (Director of Transports), Lieutenant-General W. P. Wright, Royal Marines (Deputy-Adjutant-General), and Captain the Hon. Hugh Tyrwhitt (Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty) were present.

A detachment of the Chatham Division, Royal Marines, with the band, under the command of Capt. R. H. Morgan, kept the ground and received the King with a royal salute, the band playing the National Anthem.

The following officers of the Royal Navy had the honour of receiving invitations to be present: Rear-Admiral Sir E. Chichester, Bart., Captain H. G. King Hall, Captain J. B. Eustace, Captain J. T. Hardinge, Captain T. Hadley, Commander S. A. Perry-Ayscough, Commander W. Hewetson, Commander J. Nethery Hill, Commander A. Lingham, Lieutenant C. W. P. Bouverie, Engineer-Commander J. Richardson, and Staff-Paymaster W. M. B. Whyte.

His Majesty, at the conclusion of the distribution of medals, addressed a few words to the recipients.

The representatives of the steamship companies had the honour of being presented to his Majesty.

The detachment of Royal Marines then gave a Royal salute and marched from the grounds.

The Earl of Selborne had an audience of his Majesty.

The King received the Right Hon. Sir Charles Scott (his Majesty's Ambassador at St. Petersburg) in audience to-day, and likewise Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., on his departure for India.

Marlborough House, November 4.

This morning the Prince of Wales attended a meeting of the Royal Commission on Supply of Food and Raw Material in Time of War at the Foreign Office.

## To-Day's News At a Glance.

Following the murder of M. Sagouni, two Armenian revolutionists were shot yesterday in broad daylight at Peckham, the assassin committing suicide.

Three thousand poor will be entertained by the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs elect in Mile End on the King's Birthday.

The last letter opened by Miss Hickman before her disappearance has been found, but fails to throw light on the mystery.

For the first time in 18 years polling took place yesterday at Chorley, where Lord Balcarras' re-election is opposed.

Mr. John S. Phipps, son of the American steel magnate, was married yesterday to Miss Margarita Grace, of Battle Abbey.

"The charge that my meetings do not contain working men is ridiculous," writes Mr. Chamberlain to a correspondent.

Yesterday's traffic returns showed a substantial loss of ground on nearly all British railways.

"Bright as a molten looking-glass" is Mr. Hall Caine's enthusiastic tribute to the "Daily Mirror."

The upper part of the town of Jeremo, Haiti, has been destroyed by fire.

An ancient Egyptian "Book of the Dead" is the King's Gift to the British Museum.

"Cycling is no longer one of the pastimes of the rich" is the dictum of the Humber Company's Chairman.

Tsar and Kaiser exchanged kisses at their meeting at Wiesbaden.

Sixteen men have been killed by explosions in the United States Government stores on the Hudson River.

By means of the electrophone, Mr. Chamberlain's great Birmingham speech was taken down as he uttered it, in the "Daily Mail" office, 115 miles away.

In recognition of efficiency shown in the transport of troops to South Africa, the King yesterday bestowed medals on 143 officers of twenty-three different steamship lines.

An anarchist, believed to have documents compromising other anarchists in Italy and New Jersey, has been arrested at Milan, says Reuter.

Promising the poor man liberty to have his Sunday beer, is given as one cause of Tammany's success in the New York Mayoral election.

"Is a man a woman?" was a question discussed at the Feminist Congress at Cheltenham, apropos of the election of a male president at the Internal Council of Women.

Three children, rescued from a fire in Soho, were found in a cupboard, where they had crept for safety.

Reuter reports £200,000 damage by a water-front fire at Troy, U.S.A.

That trouble in Macedonia is not over is evident from a Reuter despatch that 15 soldiers have been killed near Serres.

A letter received at Tangier from the Sultan of Morocco announces that the rebellion is practically at an end.

The Japanese Ambassador was present at the wedding of Miss Dicosy, whose father founded the Japan Society.

A petition crown of Charles II. has been sold for 1,240 times its face value.

## TO-DAY'S ARRANGEMENTS.

### The Court.

The King leaves Buckingham Palace at 4.45 for Sandringham.

### To-day's Weddings.

Major Capel Curre, of Blake Hall, Essex, and Miss Ione Paley, at St. Paul's Knightsbridge.

Lieutenant Hugh Francis Wyldborne Smith, R.N., and Kate Beatrice, daughter of Mr. W. H. Deane, of Fareham House, Hants, at Fareham.

### Social Functions.

The Duchess of Somerset opens an Indian Exhibition and Sale in aid of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, Portman Rooms, Baker-street, 2.

Lady Phillimore opens a sale for Foreign Missions at the Kensington Town Hall.

Mrs. Theed and Mrs. Stephenson Kent, "at home" at the Royal School of Art Needlework, 3.30 to 7.

The Duke of Norfolk, as the retiring Mayor of Arundel, entertains at dinner, at Arundel Castle, all the Mayors of Sussex and the Arundel Corporation.

### Generals.

Funeral of Lady Spencer at Great Brington Church, Northamptonshire, and Memorial Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, 2.30.

Mr. Brodrick attends the Godalming Corporation Dinner.

The Bishop of Stepney preaches at the Working Men's Annual Service at St. Paul's Cathedral, 8.30.

### Racing.

Northampton.

### Sale.

Chappell and Co., New Bond-street.—Second-hand pianos.

### Theatres.

Avenue; "Dolly Varden," 8.30.

Comedy; "The Climbers," 8.30.

\*Duke of York's, "Letty," 2 and 8.

Garrick, "The Golden Silence," 8.

Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9.

His Majesty's, "King Richard II.," 8.15.

Imperial, "Monsieur Beaucaire," 8.30.

Royal Court, "The Tempest," 8.30.

Shaftesbury, "In Dahomey," 8.15.

Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.

\* Matines are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

## LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

### DOUBLE POLITICAL MURDER.

ARMENIAN CONSPIRACY IN A LONDON SUBURB.

### A TRAGEDY IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

The mysteries of the vast world of London are never ending. Rarely does one open the newspaper without encountering the revelation of some secret phase of life here in our midst.

To-day we have to record a double political murder, better suited to St. Petersburg than Peckham Rye; a crime difficult to comprehend; a taking of life more in accord with the melodrama stage than with everyday existence.

The blood feud between Armenian revolutionaries which led to the assassination of M. Sagouni ten days ago, was yesterday advanced a stage further at Peckham, where an Alfarist Armenian, lately arrived from America, deliberately shot dead two of his countrymen and then killed himself.

The murderer, who it is practically certain was responsible for the death of Sagouni, had waited for his victims, and shot them with a precision which showed him to be a practised user of the revolver.

The Hentchakisti, to which the victims belonged, is a secret society of Armenians who are working for the freedom of their people from Turkish yoke.

The Alfarists, of whom the assassin was one, desire to use force, and to arm the people; the Hentchakisti collect funds for the relief of Armenian distress. A two-months' conference of the Hentchakisti is now in session at Peckham Rye.

M. Sagouni was shot on Monday week last on entering his house at nightfall.

The main facts of this, the second chapter in this ferocious vendetta, are clear enough, although in matters of detail the witnesses are sometimes conflicting. Eight of the Armenians went out in the afternoon after lunch for a stroll in the streets of Peckham, and to do some small shopping. They were in three groups, and although the surviving Armenians are not willing to admit it, it is clear that their going out in this way was due to some fear of an attack.

They had completed their shopping, and were returning to the headquarters of the society when they were fired upon by the assassin.

They were walking in three parties. First came two, then at an interval of 100 yards three more, including the two victims and a comrade, Karapetian, who had a narrow escape from sharing their fate, and then at some considerable distance behind three more.

The assassin was lurking behind a high wooden paling in front of Mr. Earl's coal depot at 45, Peckham Rye. At this part of the street the houses are set back about twenty yards from the pavement.

The first two Armenians were allowed to pass.

Two minutes later the second group of three, including Grigorian, Izmirian, and Karapetian, walked by chatting together.

Suddenly the snap of the revolver, and Grigorian, shot through the base of the skull, fell dead.

Another shot, and Izmirian fell dead.

The third shot missed Karapetian, and the assassin turned to escape. He stumbled against a builder named Jarvis; slipped, and fell, and the revolver dropped out of his hand. He rose; looked round rapidly, realised he must be captured, took a second revolver from his pocket and killed himself.

The whole tragedy was enacted within five seconds.

And this tragedy, swift, appalling, took place in broad daylight in the humble street of a widely-populated district; and if the stories which are being whispered by the members of the Armenian community, who number many in the district, may be believed, the end is not yet.

The violent section of the revolutionaries have sworn to kill all the members of the other; and meantime Peckham, amazed and alarmed, talks of the Near East with almost paternal note.



# The World's Latest News by Telegram and Cable.

## 20th CENTURY REPORTING.

### MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S GREAT SPEECH LAST NIGHT.

#### AN ELECTROPHONE TRIUMPH.

Mr. Chamberlain should be supremely happy this morning. His speech at Birmingham last night, occupying over an hour in delivery, was received by eleven thousand people as though it were the message of an inspired prophet.

And, according to the descriptive accounts wired to us by our reporters, he spoke like one—spoke with a forceful enthusiasm which has not been common to him since his return from South Africa—to an accompaniment of deep-throated cheering, with that strange, sinister note in it which belongs only to the people. And those who shouted had paid money for the privilege—shillings and guineas, in cases five guineas had been offered for tickets—and even then some twenty thousand applicants vainly besieged the offices of the Tariff Reform Committee.

#### Where he is Leader.

Certainly, so far as Birmingham is concerned, there is but one political party, and Mr. Chamberlain is its leader.

#### Proof of it!

Mr. F. W. Lowe, M.P., President of the Birmingham Conservative Association, occupied the chair. Mr. Edward Nettelford, treasurer of the local Liberal Unionist Association, moved the resolution approving of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, and behind the speaker of the evening were ranged all the Unionist members of the city and district, and many others from Midland constituencies.

Bingley Hall, where the meeting was held, has been the scene of many remarkable political triumphs, though, perhaps, last night's broke all records in the matter of personal devotion to the speaker of the evening. Mr. Gladstone, the late Lord Salisbury, Mr. John Bright—all the great speakers of the last decade or so—have moved across its platform, but never before Mr. Chamberlain had one spoken in it under conditions which made it possible to listen to his voice in Birmingham and in London at the same time—surely one of the most wonderful scientific achievements of modern time. Yet so it was.

#### Talking in Two Places.

On the table at which Mr. Chamberlain stood were a number of electrophone receivers connected with long-distance telephone wires running right through from Birmingham, via the post offices, to the editorial office of the *Daily Mail*. Word by word the speech was heard as well in London as in the hall itself, and word by word as it was spoken in Birmingham trained shorthand writers recorded it on paper in London, annihilating space—making the distance a mere nothing.

From the speech itself we crystallise the most striking passages, which, whatever views one may hold as to the arguments advanced, show that Mr. Chamberlain has lost none of his superb qualities as a vigorous and powerful public speaker, a wonderful testimony to the physique of the man who has, in the evening of his life, embarked on so tremendous a campaign.

Perhaps the most striking portion of the speech was that in which Mr. Chamberlain exposed the gross misrepresentation that has been embodied in a placard issued by the "Daily News" professing to illustrate the free trade and Zollverein loaves. Mr. Chamberlain induced a friend of his in the trade to bake two loaves, one a free trade loaf, the other with the amount subtracted that the imposition of his suggested tax would account for. He held the two loaves up before his audience, and they could not tell the difference. Neither, he laughingly assured them, could he.

#### POINTS FROM THE SPEECH.

If we have no bond of commercial unity we shall never have Imperial Federation.

Why on earth are you to suppose that the same process which ruined the sugar refinery will not ruin other trades?

Every country, without exception, that has adopted Protection has in recent years progressed much more rapidly than we have.

My opponents have produced volumes of statistics; where they are true they are irrelevant, where they are relevant they are not true.

My opponents have been so converted that, whereas before they regarded the matter as one not worthy of a moment's consideration, they have since been thinking of nothing else.

Every emigrant who goes to America is a prospective customer of ours to the extent of six shillings; if he goes to Canada he takes £2 worth from us; if to Australia £5 or £6; if to South Africa, £4.

If circumstances have changed are we so stupid that we cannot change too? The main object I have in view is to secure for this country a strong home trade, and to make it the centre of a self-containing Empire.

The cause of the prosperity which followed on the repeal of the Corn Laws was not free trade, but the discoveries of gold, the development of invention, and the improvement in railway and steamship communication.

## MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

### EXTRAORDINARY PROTECTIVE PRECAUTIONS.

Telegrams from Wiesbaden give vivid descriptions of the precautionary measures adopted by the police yesterday to ensure the safety of the Emperor of Russia during his visit to the German Emperor at that town. For hours the streets adjoining the castle were closed; inhabitants were not allowed to stand before doors or on balconies; and pavements were held by soldiers and detectives. Invalid soldiers were forbidden to stand in front of the Veterans' Home near the castle. Early yesterday morning thousands of soldiers took up positions in the streets.

On meeting, the two monarchs embraced and kissed one another repeatedly. At the State banquet the Emperors sat side by side and engaged in animated conversation with each other and with those around them.

At the conclusion of a gala performance at the Opera the Tsar was to return at once to Darmstadt.

#### HOW TAMMANY WON.

### SPECIOUS APPEALS TO THE POORER VOTERS.

New York is completely surprised by the announcement that Mr. McClellan, the Tammany candidate for the mayoralty, has been elected by a plurality of over £2,000. Such a sweeping victory was never expected.

Tammany will take charge of the city from January 1. Its government has always been notoriously inefficient, extravagant, and corrupt, and the outlook is therefore extremely unpromising. The result of the election shows that the masses of New York, who are largely foreigners, support Tammany, while the well-to-do, educated classes—far in the minority—are equally opposed to the system.

The masses hail Tammany's success with the greatest delight. Tammany has always posed as the poor man's friend. The present reform administration suffered defeat largely through enforcing laws restricting the sale of liquor on Sunday. Tammany promised if elected to enable the poor man to get his Sunday-beer. Class prejudices were appealed to, Mayor Low and his supporters being denounced as wealthy aristocrats, ruling New York for the favoured few.

Reuter says President Roosevelt's only comment on the returns was that he was gratified by the results in Ohio.

Seven persons were killed and ten wounded in shooting affrays at polling places in Kentucky, and two lost their lives in Virginia.

### DUKE OF ORLEANS' MISADVENTURE.

The Vienna correspondent of the "New York Herald" reports an unpleasant misadventure to the Duke of Orleans.

The Duke and Duchess left Vienna in an automobile yesterday morning for Linz, the home of the famous cakes. On the way, near St. Poelten, the automobile frightened a cart horse, and the driver of the cart was thrown out and rather badly hurt. The Duke, according to reports, drove on without waiting to see whether the man had been hurt, but two gendarmes, who had seen the accident, telegraphed to the next town, and the automobile of the Duke and Duchess was stopped when it arrived there.

A gendarme got into the car, and the Duke and Duchess of Orleans were taken to the police station, and made to sign a procès verbal of the incident. The Duke's automobile had to be escorted out of the town, so great was the crowd.

#### THE "FLIRT'S FRAME."

A quaint photo frame, on view at the sale of the Ladies' Work Association at Queen's-gate Hall yesterday, attracted some attention. Of pale blue silk, and holding six photos, it had one line of the following verse embroidered under each space:—

"My soldier man,  
My sailor man,  
My man on foreign shore,  
My tennis man,  
My golf man,  
The man whom I adore."

#### CANADA'S LOYALTY.

The Canadian Club of Toronto is indignant (Reuter says) at the statement from New York, published in England, that Mr. Aylesworth, one of the Alaska B-undary Commissioners, had to persuade the officers of the club to display the Union Jack at the banquet given in his honour, and to sing the National anthem. The utmost loyalty was shown throughout.

#### CYCLING OUT OF FASHION.

The chairman of the Humber Cycle Company, stated at the shareholders' meeting yesterday that cycling is no longer one of the pastimes of the rich, though cycles were, perhaps, more largely used now than ever; but it was primarily as a convenience and a method of locomotion.

## PANAMA BOMBARDED.

### WARSHIPS DESPATCHED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

The independence of the isthmus of Panama as against the Republic of Colombia was proclaimed (telegrams from New York state) at six o'clock on Tuesday evening. The Governor (Senor Obaldia) and the Colombian army and navy officials have been made prisoners. A Government will be organised, consisting of three Consuls and a Cabinet. It is rumoured that a similar rising was projected at Colon.

The United States Navy Department has despatched several vessels to Panama and Colon, directing them to keep transit open across the isthmus and maintain order on the railway line.

A despatch to Washington yesterday from the United States Vice-Consul at Panama says:—"The Columbian warship Bogota is shelling the city. Eleven Chinamen have been killed."

The Vice-Consul has been instructed to protest against the bombardment.

A telegram received by the "New York Herald" states that all the Colombian cruisers on the Pacific side have been taken by the revolutionists.—Reuter.

#### GREAT SUBMARINE EXPLOSION.

All the appearances of an earthquake were simulated in Stokes Bay yesterday, when the experimental staff of H.M.S. Vernon exploded forty submarine mines loaded with a total quantity of 10,000 lb. of gun cotton. The experiment was to show that in the defence of a harbour the head of a line of attacking ships would start a series of explosions which would spread devastation among the fleet. No explosion of this size had ever before taken place in the neighbourhood, and the greatest alarm was occasioned among the people of Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, who believed an earthquake had taken place until the cause became known.

#### PUBLIC BABY WASHING.

A fine three-weeks-old baby had an experience which must have been to it alarming, at the London School Board a few days ago, when it received its afternoon bath under the curious eyes of 500 lady teachers of domestic subjects. Its loud, reproachful cries contained no note of appreciation of the solemnity of the ceremony, and it was only when it had been dried and dressed again that it consented to sink into voiceless repose. In the meantime, however, it had afforded a most useful object lesson, the results of which will be appreciated by many a London baby left in charge of its little sister.

#### MAN-HUNT BY BLOODHOUNDS.

The Homeleigh bloodhounds participated in a man-hunt yesterday at Thruxton Manor, near the picturesque Hampshire village of Weyhill. The scent was given by a piece of paper which had been handled by the quarry. Soon after starting, the five couples started off in a direct line for Tidworth, a village six miles away, and the quarry was eventually run to earth four miles farther on. Many people on horseback, in motor-cars, and bicycles, and on foot witnessed the hunt. The hounds belong to Mr. East, of Weyhill.

#### THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY.

The proceedings at the Guildhall on the occasion of the visit of the King and Queen of Italy will (says the Exchange Telegraph Company) be expedited by their Majesties' special desire, as much as possible, so that the reception, déjeuner, and presentation of address may be concluded, if possible, in a little over an hour.

#### THE UNDESIRABLE ALIEN.

A frightful state of things was revealed in a prosecution at Thames Police Court yesterday against a St. George's tradesman named Myers Tabatchnik, charged with having 4,000 bad eggs intended for human food.

In one box only forty eggs out of 1,257 were good, and in another only eleven out of 1,000. The case was adjourned.

#### GERMAN ARMY CRUELITIES.

The German officer, Captain Grolmann, the chief of the regiment in which Sergeant Breidenbach perpetrated 1,500 acts of maltreatment of soldiers, has been sentenced to four weeks' confinement to his house for carelessness and neglect of duty.—Reuter.

#### TO STUDY OUR NAVAL BARRACKS.

Lieutenant Peary, the Arctic explorer, arrived at Southampton last evening. He has come to England for three weeks on a naval commission appointed by the United States Government to inquire into the system of naval barracks in Great Britain.

## YESTERDAY IN PARIS.

### LAST NIGHT'S NEWS FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Wednesday Night.

To-day was cold and dreary, with heavy clouds breaking now and again into a drizzling rain. Few people were about, hardly any open carriages could be seen, and the Bois de Boulogne, which for the last few days had been bright and attractive, was quite deserted. This afternoon the only person of note I saw there was King George of Greece, who was driving with M. Thon. King George is doing the Paris theatres busily. He was at the Nouveautés last night, and will go to another theatre on the Boulevards, probably the Variétés, this evening.

Furs are quite a feature in the Rue de la Paix during shopping time, which is now in the afternoon instead of in the morning, as in London.

#### "Mr. the King."

The King of Greece means to stay about a week in Paris, and is travelling, as he does whenever possible, incognito. Like his brother, the Crown Prince of Denmark, like in fact all the members of the family of which our gracious Queen is one, King George I. is widely popular abroad and with his own people. In Greece his simplicity of manner and dislike of all pomp and circumstance have given him the affectionate title from his subjects of *Kyrie Vasilefs*, which is literally Mr. the King. He walks about Athens practically unescorted, and very often talks to different people, profiting as *Haroun-al-Raschid* did, when they do not recognise him, to inquire into their satisfactions and dissatisfactions.

#### Warm Beds for Sparrows.

His Majesty is extremely fond of birds of all kinds, and will allow no shooting in his grounds at Athens, much to the regret of many members of the Court. He has had little holes made in the walls of the palace for the accommodation of the hundreds of sparrows which make their nests there, and these walls are warmed in winter by hot water pipes.

#### Visitors to Paris.

Sir James and Lady Home's dinner at the Elysée Palace Hotel, which was to have been to-night, is postponed till to-morrow. Among those dining at the Elysée Palace this evening were Sir James, and Lady Home, Sir Anthony Thornhill, and Mr. Charles Rolls. Dining at the Ritz were Mrs. and the Misses Cavendish Bentinck, Lady Gosford, Baron and Baroness de Meyer, and M. Coquilin. Lady Warwick and Lady Margaret Greville are expected at the Ritz to-morrow.

#### Walking Dressmakers.

Less than a fortnight ago, it will be remembered, 1,200 little dressmakers, milliners, and other girls employed in Paris workshops, took part in a walking match from Paris to Nanterre, a distance of seven miles. The winner was Mlle. Cheminel, a young milliner, who did the journey in one hour fifteen minutes. But her success caused much envious comment among the less fortunate, and it was whispered that Mlle. Cheminel had not walked, but ran, so the winner issued a challenge to all comers; and to-day she again endeavoured to prove her capabilities as a pedestrian. She was defeated, sad to tell, but not disgraced, for, although she only came in second, she was less than one minute behind the winner, a girl (whose time was sixty-five minutes four seconds) from Redfern's workshop. In order that competitors might be free from all obstructions, the match was kept a profound secret. The *Daily Mirror* representative accompanied Mr. Redfern, who gave the first two girls four pounds each, in his automobile.

#### St. Hubert's Day.

St. Hubert's Day was picturesquely celebrated all over France, and little country churches and the chapels of châteaux were filled with green and golden uniforms, while at their doors the valets held the eager hounds in leash. The ceremony of the benediction of the kennels is always a charming one, and at Maintenon, where the Duc de Noailles hunts the stag, hundreds of guests had gathered. Fox-hunting hardly exists in France at all, but stag-hunting is very, very popular, and there are few prettier things on a bright autumn morning than the blessing and unleashing of the hounds, followed by men and women of the oldest families in France, all, or nearly all, in the picturesque old-fashioned garb of velvet, green, and gold, the while the chapel bells ring out their merry peal of greeting to St. Hubert.

#### FISHERGIRL'S HEROISM.

A boat full of seamen belonging to the wrecked Newcastle steamer *Vesper* owe their lives to the gallantry of a young fishergirl. The *Vesper* went ashore off Ushant in a thick fog, close to the scene of the disastrous wreck of the *Drummond Castle*. The crew of thirty-three got away in boats, but one boat narrowly escaped destruction on the dangerous rocks, and was only saved by the heroism of the young girl, who swam out and established communication with the shore.



# Latest News of London and the Provinces.

## TO THE EDITOR.

### LITERARY FOLK AND THE "DAILY MIRROR."

#### SOME INTERESTING LETTERS.

Letters of congratulation on the success of the *Daily Mirror* continue to pour in, and we should like to be able to give more of them, but the pressure on our space is so great that we can only give brief extracts from time to time.

Among those whose letters are particularly gratifying, inasmuch as they come from experts, are those received from literary men and women:—

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler writes: "I am delighted with the first number of the *Daily Mirror*. It gives just the sort of bits of news that I like; and, moreover, I can find my way about in it, which is more than I can do with most newspapers, of which the sheets are usually the size of Hyde Park, but with no finger-posts to point out the various ways."

Miss Arabella Kenealy says:—"May I say that I am charmed with the *Daily Mirror*. All doubt as to whether a daily newspaper of their own is one of the rights of women, whether, indeed, general news requires specialising to their taste, slips into the background on glancing into the *Daily Mirror*. If not a right, it is, at all events, a delightful privilege to be able to consider as our own a journal which is so convenient in form, clear of type, pleasingly illustrated, and one which conveys all that ordinary man or woman needs to know of the world's affairs in bright and agreeable fashion."

Miss Helen Mathers writes:—"The *Daily Mirror* is just the perfect size for handling. You have given me three distinct new ideas for frocks and furs, and I consider Ella Hepworth Dixon's first word of sense I have heard on a singularly silly subject."

Mrs. L. T. Meade says:—"The *Daily Mirror* appeals fully to every interest which is felt by the modern gentlewoman. The type and paper are excellent, and the arrangement of subjects, as well as the grouping, is such that the reader can at once grasp all that is most important and interesting in the news of the day."

Miss Katharine Tynan says:—"The *Daily Mirror* is admirable. I feel sure the paper will add appreciatively to the happiness of a large number of women."

Mr. Hall Caine writes:—"Congratulations on your new paper—'bright as a molten looking-glass.' May it continue to be 'more spotless than the mirror of a foreign woman.'"

Mr. Mak Pemberton says:—"A thousand congratulations upon something really new and obviously successful."

## THE PAPERS.

### THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT.

The following card, left the other day at a house in the suburbs, shows the latest development of the servant question:

Miss E. Cook  
Will abide ladies as  
Cook General of House Parlor Maid.  
"Truth."

### "MR." GARAGE.

A man called lately at a motor stable and asked to see "Mr." Garage. The stable is called, let us say, the Stanley Garage. "Which Mr. Garage do you want?" asked the attendant humouring the joke. "I want to see Mr. Stanley Garage, of course," replied the stranger.—"Tatler."

### BUSINESS SIDE OF MARRIAGE.

Germany is a centre of the matrimonial advertisement trade. The makers of directories are now coming to the aid of the business. At Metz a directory has just been published dividing the inhabitants into unmarried, married, widows, and widowers.—"Sketch."

### THEY DO THINGS BETTER.

They order these things much better in France. A Parisian has just been fined £40 and costs for disturbing an Englishman by playing the piano at night. The entente has become doubly cordiale since. Cannot pianoforte be suppressed in London on the chance that there may be a Parisian in town who objects to it?—"Globe."

### BABY'S PRESENT FOR THE KING.

Approaches of the coming of the King and Queen of Italy, it would appear that their elder baby-girl, Princess Yolanda, has been much exercised in mind concerning the present she will dispatch to the King of England, of whom she has vivid recollections. She has finally decided to send him one of her best dolls, and Queen Eleonora has been solemnly deputed to hand over the treasure.—"Ladies' Field."

### BACHELOR GOVERNMENT.

The number of unmarried men in the present Government is unusually large. The Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer are both bachelors, and this alone is a very rare occurrence. Then the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Earl Percy, is one of the greatest *partis* in the kingdom, and the Earl of Hardwicke, now Parliamentary Secretary to the India Office, is one of our smartest single men.—"Onlooker."

## MYSTERY FOLLOWS MYSTERY.

### ANOTHER HORSE MUTILATED AT GREAT WYRLEY.

Stranger than ever becomes this mystery of Great Wyrley, in Staffordshire. Horses were mysteriously mutilated at night, and for these offences a young solicitor, Edalji, is now undergoing seven years' penal servitude. But the outrages continue. We reported two fresh cases yesterday—both horses are dead—and to-day we have to record yet another. In this last instance the horse was found shockingly mutilated, three ugly gashes in its side, not five hundred yards from the farm of its owner.

The district is terror-stricken. Why are the outrages committed, and by whom? The conviction of Edalji, justly or unjustly, brought relief; the renewal of the outrages brings panic, and with it the feeling that despite the evidence, the young solicitor may have been unjustly condemned. A society which has some bond of blood-lust is the latest explanation of the outrages. It sounds incredible.

## MISS HICKMAN'S MISSING LETTER

### FAILS TO CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY.

One by one the circumstances which enshrouded the fate of Miss Hickman in mystery are being cleared up. The latest discovery is the letter which the lady was known to have received at the Royal Free Hospital on the morning of her disappearance. There was a suggestion that this communication might have been of a disquieting character, particularly as her departure from the hospital was almost immediately afterwards. But information now supplied by Mr. Hickman shows that the letter in question could have had no influence upon the movements of Miss Hickman, which eventuated in her mysterious death. The missive, which bore the postmark, "August 15," was simply a note from Mrs. Hickman to her daughter, and contained only news about home affairs.

## CONSTANTINIDI DIVORCE SUIT.

More is apparently to be heard of the Constantinidi divorce suit. Last summer, Mr. Constantinidi, a Greek merchant, obtained a decree awarding £25,000 damages in respect of his wife's misconduct with Mr. H. W. Lance. Mrs. Constantinidi was the daughter of the late Mr. Ralli, the Greek millionaire. The Court of Appeal yesterday agreed to allow two appeals against the judgment to be heard together—one being on the part of Mrs. Constantinidi and the other on that of the respondent.

## LONDON'S LOST CATS.

The Queen is said to have withdrawn her name as patroness of the Home for Lost and Starving Cats, and "Truth," which makes the announcement, expresses the hope that other patronesses, who have not already withdrawn, will see the propriety of following her Majesty's example. There seems ground for believing that some means of disposing of stray cats is required in London, and it is suggested that the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should undertake the work.

## "J" PENS AND OTHERS.

Wonderful is the value of the "J" pen-nib! It has slain political policies and signed world-moving treaties. It has also made the fortunes of Messrs. Joseph Gillott and Sons, of Birmingham. Witness the will of Mr. Joseph Gillott, who died at the age of seventy-six, which was proved yesterday for £163,505. Mr. Gillott bequeathed £5,900 to his housekeeper, and £50 to his gasman.

## THE UNPARDONABLE OFFENCE.

"Going on the wrong side of a street refuge is an offence I never forgive," said Mr. Shiel at Marlborough-street, in fining a motorist named William Cousins, giving his address as the Hotel Russell.

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The stock market barometers are not working properly. Consols have shown the way for the rest of the market recently, but yesterday nobody apparently took Consols at a side. In Westernland the dealers were merrily putting up prices in the hope that the public would come forward and put them still higher. This market, in fact, was quite one of the lively features of the Stock Exchange, and the professionals seemed bent on making it even livelier. All the leading shares have been bought, and a good many forgotten concerns have reappeared.

There was nothing anomalous, too, with foreigners, where Paris, having got along with its monthly settlement, had time to buy a few securities. But when we have noted these points there is not much more that is good to notice. Consols started set fair. So much money had been placed at the disposal of the market by the banks, which all seemed to be quite rich on Tuesday evening, that speculators thought they might borrow for a long time to come without anybody objecting, and on the strength of this, there was buying of Consols. But it was, in the last, and for every buyer there appeared rather more than one seller before the close. So Consols finished the day in the dumps. But even that did not express the sum total of the ills of the Stock Exchange. Everybody is interested in Kaffirs, for unfortunately everybody has some. They have certainly had little enough cause for satisfaction of late in the South African market, and yesterday, to their other troubles, were added fears of a native rising in Rhodesia.

## "INVALUABLE SERVICES."

### THE KING GIVES MEDALS TO TRANSPORT OFFICERS.

A pleasing ceremony took place in the grounds of Buckingham Palace yesterday, when the King received 143 officers belonging to twenty-three different lines of steamers, and conferred upon them the special transport medal, awarded in recognition of the efficiency with which the transport of troops by sea was carried out during the South African and China wars. Representatives of the directorates of several of the chief steamship lines were also present.

His Majesty, who wore admiral's uniform, stood at the head of the terrace steps, and handed the medal to each officer. Finally, when all the medals had been given, the recipients drew up in line on the south lawn, and His Majesty addressed them, saying:

Gentlemen,—It has been a great pleasure to me to receive you here to-day, and I now express to you the great satisfaction which it has afforded me to personally hand to you these medals which you have all so thoroughly deserved by the admirable I may say, invaluable services you have rendered to your country.

The representatives of the different steamship lines were called forward in turn by Admiral Boyes, and announced by Lord Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty, to his Majesty, who shook each one heartily by the hand.

The medal has the King's effigy on one side, and a map of the southern hemisphere in relief on the other.

## THE METHOD OF "HUSTLE."

Some points need clearing up with reference to the accident at the Savoy extension works last week, and the Coroner has adjourned his inquiry accordingly. A workman named Parsons was killed and four other men were injured by falling in a lift from the top of the new extension building, which is being carried out on the American "hustling" method.

The contractors say the lift was not supposed to be used by workmen; but that it habitually so used, and the foreman acknowledged that the lift rope was beginning to wear, and that it had been in use three months.

The crane-driver, it seems, left the contractors' employ on Monday night, and the Coroner gave directions for him to be found.

## RARE PRICES AT AUCTION.

When the New River Company was formed, in the seventeenth century, King James I. bought thirty-six shares which were called the "King's moiety," there being seventy-two shares in all. Yesterday, at the been raffied for the coming season at a meeting well attended by the people of Bath and neighbourhood. Major Simpson, who is to be elected Mayor of Bath for a second year next Monday, has suggested two subscription halls in the Assembly Rooms at Christmas—on December 28 and 30, and a further ball at the Empire Hotel on January 4.

A petition crown of the reign of Charles II., struck in 1663, was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's Rooms for £310, or 1,240 times its face value. It is one of the finest specimens known.

## MISS LEVITT'S LAW CASE.

Miss Dorothy Levitt, the well-known professional lady motorist, who was congratulated by the King last summer for her display of skill and nerve in the motor boat race off the Isle of Wight, won success in another atmosphere yesterday.

She was plaintiff in an action to recover damages for injuries to herself and a Gladiator motor-car in a collision in Rosebery-avenue with a Royal mail van, for which a contractor to the General Post Office, Mr. James Allen, was responsible. The jury awarded Miss Levitt £35.

## "FOR THE CREDIT OF THE FAMILY."

At the adjourned meeting yesterday of creditors of Blanche Adeline, Dowager Countess of Rosslyn, the statement of affairs showed gross debts of £95,513, and assets estimated at £19,447.

Mr. Trehearn, representing a relative of the debtor, who was also a creditor for £23,000, said that he would make an offer when the debts and assets were exactly known, his client being anxious to do what he could for the credit of the family. The meeting was accordingly adjourned.

## ILLNESS OF MISS ADA REEVE.

Theatre goers will regret to hear that the vigorous musical comedy actress, Miss Ada Reeve, who has been staying at Brighton with her husband, Mr. Wilfrid Cotton, is again seriously indisposed. Her appearances in London and the provinces during the last two years have been more than once interrupted by illness, against which she has had to contend with considerable luck.

The following naval appointments are announced:—Commander H. J. Savory to the President for the Albemarle, November 3, and Albemarle, November 13; A. E. B. Greville, to the President for Royal Naval College Staff, November 3; Lieut. C. E. B. Hand to the Vivid for Royal Naval Barracks, November 3.

## SHORT TELEGRAMS.

### Vain Search for a Vicar.

Five months have elapsed since the living of Oswestry, one of the richest in the diocese of St. Asaph, fell vacant, and still all attempts to secure a successor to the late Rev. C. W. N. Ogilvy have proved futile. The expenses in connection with the living are so large that the vicar's income is no attraction.

### "Coronation Avenue."

A well-known hunter of big game, Sir Robert Harvey, of Langley Park, Slough, is also a public spirited landowner. He recently obtained permission to close a narrow and inconvenient lane close to his estate, and he has now substituted a wide and attractive road, to be called Coronation Avenue.

### Princess in the Scullery.

Labourers' model dwellings, which the Liverpool Corporation are erecting, were visited yesterday by Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, who laid the foundation-stone. The Princess, at her own desire, went over one of the flats, and expressed herself delighted with the scullery and hot water facilities. At a luncheon in the town hall the Princess received 789 purses from children towards providing halfpenny dinners in the slums.

### Bell Ringing for a Bequest.

On six successive Sunday evenings, commencing twelve Sundays before Christmas, church bells are rung at Newark-upon-Trent for one hour, in compliance with the terms of a bequest left by a merchant named Gofor. Two centuries ago Gofor lost his way in Sherwood Forest, then infested by robbers. Just as he was giving himself up for dead, he heard the bells of Newark, and guided by their sound regained his road. In memory of his deliverance he left this bequest.

### Died Amid His Books.

Mr. Charles Lowe, one of the leading second-hand booksellers of Birmingham, has ended his days in a tragic manner by his own hand. To many book-lovers throughout the country he must have been well known. Both he and his father, who had founded the business, had frequent dealings with the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone. Mr. Lowe's system was to send his catalogue to Haworth, and it was returned with the books required ticked off by Mr. Gladstone. There was an understanding that 10 per cent. discount should be allowed the latter for cash.

### Social Gaieties at Bath.

The office of Master of the Ceremonies at Bath was revived a year ago, when Major C. H. Simpson accepted the responsible post, of which the most notable holder was Beau Nash. Christmas was then too close for the appointment to affect that season, but Major Simpson made last Easter the gayest Bath had seen for many years. His appointment has been ratified for the coming season at a meeting well attended by the people of Bath and neighbourhood. Major Simpson, who is to be elected Mayor of Bath for a second year next Monday, has suggested two subscription halls in the Assembly Rooms at Christmas—on December 28 and 30, and a further ball at the Empire Hotel on January 4.

## LADY GOLFERS.

The last of the three final matches in the Ladies' Inter-county Championships was played yesterday at Sunningdale, and resulted in a win for Kent by six matches to two:—

WILTSHIRE.	Matches.	KENT.	Matches.
Miss E. Brown	0	Mrs. Stanley Stubbs	1
Mrs. Bewlay	0	Miss D. Evans	1
Miss Holcroft	0	Mrs. H. Stringer	1
Mrs. Foster	0	Mrs. Jackson	1
Miss T. Spear	0	Miss B. Butler	1
Miss D. Brown	0	Mrs. Speer	1
Mrs. Dryer-Bennett	1	Mrs. Michael	0
	1	Mrs. Powell	0
Total	0	Total	6

Kent and Devonshire having divided their match, and both beaten Wiltshire, tie for the championship, and will play off this morning.

## NORTHAMPTON RACE MEETING.

The opening day of the Northampton meeting yesterday produced some good racing, and Madden and Lane each scored a win. Results:—

Nene Welter (9)	Blue Diamond..	Halsey .....	9 to 2
Mile Handicap (9)	Santa Barbara f.	Griggs .....	5 to 1
Jockey Club Pt. (4)	Cappa White ..	Dillon .....	4 to 6
Corporation (14)	Orexma f.....	Madden .....	7 to 2
Castle Ashley (9)	Vidame .....	Lane .....	2 to 1
St. Crispin (7) ..	Trionic .....	Jarvis .....	10 to 1

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters)

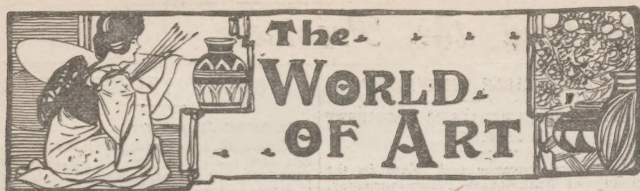
(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.) The meeting is continued to-day, when the following may prove successful:—Naseby Handicap—Maori Chieftain; Apprentices' Plate—Merry Saint; Compton Welter—Doodahy. Holiday Bury on behalf of Palmy Days, Pharisee and Rondeau have been struck out of the Liverpool Cup, for which strong commissions, "both ways" were worked yesterday on behalf of Palmy Days, Torrent, and Happy Slave. Torrent is reported to have beaten Grey Tick in a trial. Latest prices:—11 to 2 Bursar, 8 to 1 Bachelor's Button, 100 to 12 Palmy Days, 100 to 1 Torrent, 100 to 10 Happy Slave and Pellission, 100 to 8 Grey Tick, and 100 to 4 Andy Ferrara.

## SPORT IN GENERAL.

The following were yesterday's football results:—Association: Reading (4), Portsmouth 0 (Western League); Fulham (0), Huddersfield 1 (replayed); Tottenham (1), Middlesbrough 0 (Oxford League); (h) 2, Rugby; Cambridge University (h) 34 points, Royal Naval College nil; United Hospitals 5 points, London Welsh 3 points; Kent (h) 4 goals 2 tries, Midland Counties 1 goal.

At Richmond yesterday Columbine beat St. Quentin's 4-0. Hockey: In the first round of the competition the losers Miss Levy was splendid in goal, and for the Columbine Miss Alder put in some hot shots. At Preston yesterday Liverpool "Old Girls" beat Diamond by 9 goals to 1.





### Engravings that are Worth Fortunes.

THE high prices now given for old prints are certainly discouraging to the small collector or to the man or woman of taste who, without being a connoisseur, has a wish to possess a few mezzotints, fine or stipple engravings.

It must be remembered, however, that while Albrecht Dürer's "Adam and Eve" sells for nearly £500, a hundred other line engravings sell for as many shillings, and very interesting and beautiful some of them are. The fact that only the sensational price is quoted and talked of is apt to leave the impression on the mind of the possible buyer of prints that it is only those possessed of very long purses who can buy line engravings.

Sold for £200.

Some mezzotints have changed hands at prices reaching four figures, notably "The Duchess of Rutland," by Valentine Green, "Mrs. Carnac," by Raphael Smith, and others, and their price has caused much talk, but there are generally very special reasons for such high prices, and good impressions of clever mezzotint engravers may still be had for modest sums.

Chief amongst the reasons for the large price given for certain prints is, of course, their rarity; for example, the portrait of Rembrandt was sold in 1893 for £2,000. Let us examine the reasons. There are only four impressions known in the first state, and as the other three were already in national museums this was the only one that could ever come into the market.

#### The Black Ring.

Another etching by Rembrandt was sold for £1,500, and there is a curious reason here also for the high price. Ephraim Bonus, the handsome Dutchman, whose portrait it is, wore a black ring. Three impressions are known showing this jewel. Then the plate was altered, and a white ring put in its place, and white ring prints are comparatively plentiful.

It was Baron Edmond de Rothschild, son of the famous Baron James, of Paris, who secured the etching. At La Ferrière, one of his



Mrs. Robinson, a mezzotint by Dickinson after Reynolds, valued as £200 uncoloured.

beautiful country residences, there are some wonderfully fine prints of various schools.

Beautiful and attractive subjects always fetch a higher price than ugly prints, and it is partly for this reason, as well as on account of fine workmanship that lovely groups of ladies and children are as a rule high priced.

#### Green Paper Prints.

"Lady Betty Deline and Her Children," a beautiful mezzotint by Valentine Green, after Sir J. Reynolds, sold for nine hundred and twenty guineas. The group of the Ladies Waldegrave has changed hands at five hundred and more; but while pleasing subjects command big prices, some of the highest prices of all have been reached by those like the Rembrandts, which are by no means from beautiful models.

Amongst less well-known engravers and etchers there are reasons undreamt of by the uninitiated which may double the price of a print. For instance, impressions of Méryon's etchings on green paper fetch about twice as much as those printed on white.

Fashion's fancies also affect the market enormously, and the prints which at one time fetched high prices may ten years after be had for comparatively small sums. It is believed by many experts that this will be the case with the engravings printed in colour which are now so costly.

Connoisseurs watch the fluctuations in prices, and frequently secure fine specimens by forethought and knowledge; but the

moderate buyers who wish to possess a few attractive examples should take courage and purchase what pleases them in subject and execution, and make no attempt to rival the collections of those who devote their lives to the subject.

### PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

#### Miss Kate Phillips' Return.

NEWS reaches us that Miss Kate Phillips has already ordered some pretty frocks for "Louie." We shall therefore not have long to wait for the reappearance of this charming and popular actress, whose piquant style so admirably suits the French comedies with which she has identified herself. Colonel Newnham Davis is responsible for the English version of the play, which will be put on either at the Comedy, to follow "The Climbers," or the Criterion, according to the outcome of negotiations now going on. Miss Annie Hughes has the first refusal of the latter theatre, and until she has decided what she will do, Miss Kate Phillips will not be able to announce definitely the playhouse in which she will present her new piece.

#### The Popular Theatre Hour.

The result of the postcard plebiscite sent out by the O.P. Club to ascertain the most popular hour for the opening of the theatre was announced by Mr. Cecil Raleigh at the last meeting. A large majority showed that the playgoer considers that the theatre should begin at half-past eight, and should finish by eleven, and there seems little doubt that managers will for the most part be found to concur with this ruling.

#### Author, Actor, and Audience.

At the same meeting Mr. Alfred Robbins, who read a paper on the above subject, announced his opinion that at the end of a play on the first night, no actor should take a call and no manager should make an appearance. Mr. Robbins also objected to the word "created" as applied to the actor, and argued that while it was the actor who "embodied," it was the author who really "created" the character.

#### The Little Black Sweep.

Miss Constance Collier often runs down for a rest to her charming cottage at Maidenhead, where she has an admirable collection of old pewter and brass. In the summer she spends long days in her punt, and she is one of the most enthusiastic of anglers. Miss Collier is certainly an instance of the robust health that can be acquired by constant exercise, as she is an expert horsewoman and an indefatigable walker. Perhaps it is owing to the mixture of Scotch and Portuguese blood in her veins that Miss Collier owes so many of her superstitious tendencies, and among her charms to ward off bad luck is the toy figure of a little black sweep which, in addition to sundry rusty nails picked up for good fortune, she is wont to carry about with her in her pocket.

#### A Provider of Mascots.

Not only has Lady Bancroft attained the highest success in the dramatic world herself, but she has always been looked upon as a mascot for others. It used to be the custom for many actresses who were essaying the various roles in which Lady Bancroft reigned supreme to go to the warm-hearted Mrs. Wilton and beg her to give them some trifle she had worn in order that success might also wait upon them. The shoes that Lady Bancroft donned in the part of Polly Eccles were lent to many a quaking actress, who doubtless derived some courage from the fact that their original owner had trodden the path that led to fame in these same little shabby slippers. Miss Kate Rorke was one of the well-known actresses who wore on first nights some ornament that Lady Bancroft had given her for good luck, and in her case the mascot took the guise of a very pretty ring which was held in the highest regard by its fortunate owner.

#### Away from the Footlights.

The career of Miss Maria Studholme in musical comedy has been one unbroken success. Miss Studholme thinks that she owes much of her health to the fact that she leads a very quiet home life, and keeps very regular hours. She has dreams of retiring to the country some day, and declares she could be perfectly happy living away from the footlights, as she is devoted to outdoor pursuits. She may often be seen gardening at her pretty house in St. John's Wood, and Miss Studholme asserts that hers is no fancy gardening, but that she really works hard at this pursuit. Her favourite game is Badminton, and her leisure time is occupied sometimes in making her own blouses, while her six cats and two parrots testify that she is a lover of animals and birds.

#### "Trust Me."

Miss Ellaline Terriss, who is at present busy rehearsing, is a devoted lover of animals, and frequently shows her dogs at exhibitions. Her recreations are many and

varied, and include all manner of outdoor exercises, while she is also an expert angler and a good shot. Her literary and musical talents are so well known as barely to require mention, and there is scarcely an art in which Miss Terriss is not interested. If she can give a preference for a book it is for "Sentimental Tommy," and her favourite author is Mr. J. M. Barrie. Everyone who knows Miss Terriss will not be surprised to hear that her favourite motto is "Trust me," and her roseate views of life are perhaps accentuated by the fact that the colour she prefers above all others is pink.

#### From Peasant to Playwright.

Russian drama is to be represented in London at the end of this month by the performance of the "Lower Depths," a play by Maxim Gorki, which has been translated for the Stage Society by Mr. Laurence Irving. Gorki's work deals with Russian tramp life, the life he knows so well, for in his youth he felt the sting of such sorrows as are the peculiar lot of the peasant in his native land.

Poverty forced him into the ranks of the submerged, but poverty could not slake his thirst for knowledge. The wandering gipsy always carried about with him some books, and the information culled from their pages added to the store of material knowledge gained by observation, and his soul's bitter experiences resulted in the peculiar form of expression with which his name is now associated. His first story appeared in a local paper, and subsequent sketches and tales which followed in quick succession were printed in the Zhizn. Gorki is a pessimist; the horrible experiences of Russian peasant life are not calculated to breed optimism; it is a matter for wonder indeed that they should have been productive of such forcible work as may in time lead to their very destruction.

#### Despair became Joy.

That charming actress, Miss Jessie Bateman, now in "The Golden Silence," has been on the stage since she was eleven, so that in spite of her youth she can boast of a long dramatic record. She was with Mr. Benson for some years, and then, wishing to come to London, wrote to almost every manager asking for an engagement. For some time, however, she received no answer to any of her epistles, and Miss Bateman was battling against the despondency which besets nearly every young actress in search of a fresh engagement, when suddenly a letter arrived, offering her a part in a West End theatre, and thus despair was turned to joy. The manager who was the only one to answer her application was none other than Mr. Charles Hawtrey!

### MUSIC AND SONG.

#### Fiddlers Three.

WITHIN a week no fewer than three English-speaking lady violinists have come before London at important concerts of their own giving, and two out of the three—Miss Dorothy Bridson and Miss Marie Nichol—have been booked by the Queen's Hall Orchestra at St. James's Hall. Of Miss Bridson, whose playing certainly touched high-water mark many times in her concerto work, Londoners will probably hear a good deal more this winter, for she is among the soloists included in the forthcoming Broadwood concerts, which begin to-day.

#### A Bird of Passage.

As regards Miss Marie Nichol, however, it behoves her English hearers to take notice at the moment, since she pays but a flying visit to this country, and is very shortly returning to Boston. She made her debut in England last Monday afternoon, and had a reception which should gratify her. Stalwart, open-browed, with dazzling fair hair and a dignified mien, this young artist showed herself alert, vivacious, and fairly equipped in every sense as artist and technician. After the nonsense that has been talked about pure virtuosity and mechanism of late years, and the rage for certain schools of violin playing, it is utterly refreshing to come upon a young artist who has so extended a view of her work and so high a temper in her manner of execution.

#### French Songs.

Those who are always hunting for rare and quaint French songs should bethink themselves of the old courtly airs so daintily treated by Wekerlin in his "Bergerie Watteau" series. Some of them, such as "Mennet D'Exandre" and "L'Amour est un Enfant Trompeur" are veritable gems, while "L'Enfant S'Endort" is another which that subtle singer Mme. Blanche Marchesi interprets with special charm. It will be included in the programme of her first concert next week, and at the second she will give a charming posy of lyrics by Godard, representing three "Lettres d'Amour."

#### English Ones.

Those who search for English lyrics should remember that work by Charles Willeby and W. H. Walthew is always worth considering, and that Charles Lidgey, the author of the beautiful and now famous "Roundelay"—it might well achieve wider fame still—never puts his name to any lyric that has not high purpose and marked individuality, as well as the right vocal qualities.



#### A POOR ELIXIR.

THE Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore" is the story of a middle-aged lady, who rebelled against advancing years, and to that end partook of an elixir of life, which worked to such an alarming extent as to reduce her, in body at least, to babyhood. Under the hand of Mr. Anstey, or of Mr. Hichens, this idea can be conceived as working out very well indeed; but under that of C. O'Connor Eccles it appears more like a sermon warning us against a temptation such as we are little likely to encounter. As a jest, at least, it may be fearlessly stated to fall flat—dead flat.

THE REJUVENATION OF MISS SEMAPHORE. By C. O'Connor Eccles. (Jarrold.) 3s. 6d.

#### A PSEUDONYM?

"Emmy Lou" is a notable study of a child. We feel sure that "George Madden Martin" must be a pseudonym, for it is not likely that so much insight into a little girl's mind could be shown by anyone who had not once been a little girl herself.

The book rings true from the first word of it to the last. It consists of ten admirably written chapters, each complete in itself, and each showing a step in Emmy Lou's career, from her entry into the "Primer Class" to her arrival at the top of the High School. The humour and sincerity of the incidents, slight enough in themselves, appeal straight to the heart of the child-lover, especially to one who has had anything to do with the bringing up or the education of girls.

It is true that the delicious Emmy Lou is an American little girl, and that the whole local colour of the story is American; but so human is it that this will prove no barrier to the English reader's understanding of it. Emmy Lou is one of those rare citizens of the world that we are grateful to any nation for creating.

Quotation would spoil a story of this sort, the charm of which depends upon its human nature and its fresh simplicity rather than upon any attempt at epigrammatic effect; but for specimens of it at its best the two chapters called respectively "The Play's the Thing" and "All the Winds of Doctrine" might perhaps be distinguished from the rest. These would also prove what we began by pointing out, that "Emmy Lou," in spite of its gift-book appearance and its excellent pictures, is emphatically not a child's book.

EMMY LOU, HER BOOK AND HEART. By George Madden Martin. (Hodder and Stoughton.) 6s.

#### TWELVE STORIES AND A DREAM.

In "Twelve Stories and a Dream" Mr. H. G. Wells indulges mainly in that spirit of prophetic romance for which he is famous; but there are also examples of his other vein, the matter of fact supernatural. In these grandly impossible tales we pass in stupefying transitions from flying machines that really fly (frightening their inventor into suicide) to actual working models of the divorce of soul from body. All have the horribly entrancing master touch of reality.

The major number of the tales will be recognisable from the magazines, and should be read as magazine stories are read, quickly, and without reflection, to insure the proper maintenance of tingling nerves. They are to be swallowed, in fact, like a tonic. Such moving tales are "Filmer," "The Stolen Body," and "The Valley of Spiders." In others, such as "The Truth about Pyecraft" (who, an unhappy mountain of fact, made himself as light as a balloon by following a grandmotherly recipe, and had to dress in an armour of lead to keep himself on earth), Mr. Wells is merely humorous, but his humour again is admirable.

TWELVE STORIES AND A DREAM. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.) 6s.

#### AUTHOR OF "THE YELLOW VAN."

Mr. Richard Whiteing, whose book, "The Yellow Van," has already gone into a new edition, has by no means been a prolific writer. He allowed a score of years to elapse between his first book and his second, and it was the latter volume, "No. 5, John Street," which gave such a remarkably accurate picture of slum life, that achieved success, and placed him in the front rank of living novelists. After another lapse of years, Mr. Whiteing presented his public with "The Yellow Van," which stands as an excellent test of the position he has made for himself, in that his popularity does not diminish, in spite of the long time he keeps us waiting for something new from his pen.

#### THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

THE BAYARD OF INDIA (Life of Sir James Outram). By Captain L. J. Potter. Blackwood.  
THE HON. MOLLY (a novel). By Katherine Tynan. Smith, Elder.  
BARNAB BROCKLEHURST, M.D. (a novel). By M. Beetham Edwards. Hurst and Blackett.  
MY FOUR RELATIVES (short Dutch stories). By Maarten Maartens. Constable and Co.



# To-day's News of Court and Society.

## YESTERDAY IN TOWN.

45 and 46, New Bond Street,  
Wednesday Night.

A very cold night developed into an even colder morning, with yet another change in the weather, for fog prevailed, really thickly in some parts of London, until mid-day, when the sun shone out brilliantly, and people hurried out of doors.

### At Prince's.

Prince's Restaurant was very full and amusing at luncheon time to-day, although the streets seemed more deserted than usual. The prettiest woman to be seen was Mrs. Rupert Beckett, dressed in dark brown, with a glittering ornament in the front of her black toque; Colonel Douglas Dawson was lunching; Sir Arthur Lucas was with a party, and Lord Gerard was also there.

### Some Departures.

Lady Mildred Allsopp is leaving London on Sunday for abroad.

Sir Frederick Treves is sailing on Friday for India on board the "Persia."

Lord and Lady Iveagh have left London for Dublin, and Lord Tweedmouth has returned to Scotland.

Lord Winchelsea left town this afternoon for North Wales.

The Duchess of Portland has returned to Welbeck Abbey from London; Lady Alice Fitzwilliam left to-day for Ireland.

Lord and Lady Craven went to Southampton yesterday to see Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin off on their journey to America.

### People and Plans.

The Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Countess Torby are leaving Keele Hall, their place in Staffordshire, and are expected in town on Sunday night.

There are to be two banquets at Windsor in honour of the King and Queen of Italy, and one day at least will be devoted to shooting.

Miss Muriel Wilson is in London for a few days at her father's house, 17, Grosvenor-place, where Mrs. Kenneth Wilson has also been staying.

### An Accident.

Mr. Sidney Colvin has been the victim of an unfortunate accident. Cozing down the steps of the Queen's Hall he slipped and broke his leg. He was at once taken to the Middlesex Hospital, but is now at home again in his quarters at the British Museum, and in a few weeks' time hopes to be about again as usual.

## SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Queen Alexandra has come home in time to see the autumn glories of her beautiful gardens. Long before horticulture had become a fashionable hobby the gentle mistress of Sandringham House took an intense interest in the outdoor life of the place, and when in Norfolk few days go by without the Queen spending at least an hour in one of the many beautiful sections of her garden.

Years ago, when the then Princess of Wales first laid out that portion of the grounds which is close to the house, she was much assisted by the late Duke of Teck, the most skilful of amateur gardeners, and, it may be added, the most successful, for he made the grounds of White Lodge a dream of beauty.

Queen Alexandra's taste as regards flowers is very catholic. Her Majesty is particularly fond of those two exquisite spring blossoms, lilac and lilies, but when in town, among the many and varied flowers sent up each day from Sandringham to Buckingham Palace, is always included, with a view to be used in the Queen's sitting-room, two dozen blossoms of the malmaison variety.

Her Majesty's love of mauve is shown here as elsewhere; thus, she has always been very fond of that old-fashioned, sweet flower heliotrope. As for the Queen's rose garden, it is one of the most perfect in the kingdom; in the thatched summer house which strikes a human note in the lovely wilderness, the Queen sometimes entertains members of the house party to tea.

Mr. Charles Hardinge, whose charming wife is a daughter of Lord Alington, and one of Her Majesty's Bedchamber Women, is just bringing out a book dealing with the King's late Continental tour. Mr. Hardinge was in attendance on the Sovereign, and so had, of course, all sorts of opportunities of seeing the more interesting episodes of each Royal visit.

The book will contain nearly fifty fine illustrations, including the reproduction of four of the Chevalier de Martino's spirited drawings. Of course, the volume is in no this adds rather to than detracts from its interest.

Lord and Lady Maitland, who have been paying a series of country house visits, are due in town directly. Lady Maitland, who is always to be met with everywhere, still finds time to turn out charming miniatures on ivory, which are executed in a most artistic and dainty style. She is a member of the

Society of Miniature Painters, and is invariably represented at the exhibition by a large case of pictures. Lord Maitland is one of the most successful of amateur photographers, and has a fine studio in which he works.

Sir Charles Wyndham will give his performance at Windsor Castle before the King and Queen, and the King and Queen of Italy, on a temporary stage erected in the Waterloo Chamber, where the King gave the ball during the last Ascot week.

The invited guests will enter by the Equerries' entrance, and will proceed straight to the Grand Reception Room, where the Royal party will assemble. The Royalties will afterwards sup in the State Dining Room, and supper will be laid for the theatrical company in the Picture Gallery. Souvenirs, consisting of brooches and pins, with the Royal crown and initials in enamel and jewels are being prepared.

Lady Egerton, the wife of our new Ambassador to Madrid, is a very charming woman, who, when she was last over here, attracted warm compliments in the highest circles, and was much missed when she left. She is Russian by birth, and like most of her countrywomen, is an excellent linguist, speaking English and French as if they were her native tongue. In Greece she naturally found herself quite at home, for the Hellenic Court speak English and Russian quite as much as Greek.

The future Lady Kerry, Miss Elsie Hope, is an only daughter, and owing to her extreme youth—she is only eighteen—she has not been seen much in society. Through her father, Mr. Edward Hope, the Registrar of the Privy Council, she belongs to a famous Scotch family, the Hopes of Luffness, one of whom, the late James Hope Scott, married Sir Walter Scott's granddaughter.

Mrs. Hope is the second of Sir John and Lady Constance Leslie's daughters, and thus the future Lady Kerry is connected with many well-known and popular folk. She is a clever, thoughtful girl, well read, and sharing her mother's keen interest in the various forms of philanthropic work connected with the Army.

The ranks of Liberal hostesses continue to increase and the latest addition, Lady Leonfield, Lord Rosebery's sister, is an important one. Lady Leonfield takes a very keen interest in politics, and her views in that direction are totally different from those of her late husband, who was a Conservative Peer. Other Liberal hostesses include Lady Crewe and Lady Colebrooke, who gave such delightful political parties last season.

Lord and Lady Cadogan intend to entertain a large party of guests at Culford Hall, near Bury St. Edmunds, for the Suffolk county hall, which takes place at Bury St. Edmunds the first week in January. Lord and Lady Chelsea and Lord and Lady Lurgan will be among the party.

Lady Anglesy, who has of late spent so much of her time in Paris, will be a good deal in town this winter, as she has taken a house in Cadogan-place.

## FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Sir Albert and Miss Seymour have taken 14, Bryanston-mansions, York-street, for the present.

The Hon. Mrs. Clowes and the Misses Clowes have arrived at 64, Cadogan-place for the winter.

Lord and Lady Savile, who came to town from Newmarket a few days ago, have returned to Rufford Abbey.

Earl Egerton and the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos have arrived at 7, St. James's-square from Tatton Park on a short visit.

A marriage has been arranged between Captain A. J. E. Des Barres, son of the late Major Des Barres, and Emily Fanny, third daughter of the late Hon. Ralph Harbord and Mrs. Ralph Harbord.

A marriage has been arranged between Gerald Henry Beresford, only son of the Hon. Alban Gibbs, M.P., and Lillie Caroline, eldest daughter of the Rev. W. T. Houldsworth, the vicar of St. Andrew's, Wells-street.

A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Robert W. Williams Wynn, son of the late Colonel H. Williams Wynn, of Plas-yn-Cefn, Denbighshire, and Elizabeth Ida, second daughter of the late Mr. George Lowther, of Swillington, Yorks.

A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Major E. C. F. Garraway, South African Constabulary, eldest son of Colonel Garraway, of Rockshire, Co. Waterford, and Ethel Maude, youngest daughter of the late Hon. W. Bancroft Espeut, member of the Legislative Council of Jamaica, and Mrs. Espeut, of Spring Gard, Jamaica, and 77, Sinclair-road, Kensington, and granddaughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Armit, Royal Engineers.

All announcements duly authenticated for insertion in this column to be addressed to the Social Editor, "Daily Mirror" Office, 2, Garmelle-street, E.C.

## WEDDINGS OF TO-DAY.

GRACE-PHIPPS.—On November 4, at the old Rectory, Bath, Somerset, by the very Rev. E. B. Currie, D.D., Dean of Battle, Miss Margarita C. Grace, daughter of Mr. Michael P. Grace, of Battle Abbey, and Mr. John S. Phipps, of Westbury, Long Island, son of Mr. Henry Phipps, of New York and Pittsburgh.

Miss Grace, who was married yesterday, is a pretty girl with lovely dark hair. Mr. Phipps is a well-known American, son of the wealthy steel magnate who gave £25,000 to English charities last year.

The interior of the church was beautifully decorated with flowers, a number of Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes forming an awning from the door to the gates.

There were four bridesmaids, two sisters of the bride and two of the bridegroom, who wore white velvet gowns, and large white picture hats to match, their bouquets being of mauve orchids.

### The Bride.

Miss Grace, who was given away by her father, looked charming in her wedding dress of white chiffon and Brussels lace (the latter her mother's gift). She wore a lace veil and some beautiful jewels, and carried a prayer-book instead of a bouquet.

The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. E. R. Currie, Dean of Battle, who delivered an eloquent address from the altar steps.

### At the Reception.

Mrs. Grace, wearing a moleskin velvet and chiffon gown, gave a large reception after the ceremony at the historic Battle Abbey, the guests from London reaching Battle by special train at half-past twelve.

Amongst those invited were—Lord Ashburnham, Lord and Lady Brassey, Sir James and Miss Blyth, Sir Henry and Lady Campbell-Bannerman, the American Ambassador and Miss Choate, Lord and Lady Craven, the Dowager Lady Donoughmore, Sir Valentine and Lady Grace, Lord and Lady Glamis, Sir Alexander and Lady Henderson, Lady Cooper Key, the Dowager Lady Limerick, Lord and Lady Molesworth, Mr. Mackay, Sir Weetman and Lady Pearson, Sir Baker and Lady Russell, Lady Stratford, Lord and Lady Tweedmouth, Sir Augustus and Lady Webster, and Lord and Lady Yarmouth.

The honeymoon will be spent in the South of France and Italy.

### A Few of the Presents.

The wedding presents, over two hundred in number, included:—

From Mr. Grace, a diamond tiara.  
Lord and Lady Brassey, a writing table.  
Lady Donoughmore, a silver tea-tray.  
Sir A. and Lady Henderson, a silver carriage clock.  
Sir Gilbert and Lady Parker, case of silver liquor cups.

Lord Lovat, two Coronation spoons.  
Lord and Lady Donoughmore, complete sets of Shakespeare's and Thackeray's works.

## INGLIS-DIOSY.

The wedding of Capt. C. E. Inglis and Miss Sybil Diosy, daughter of Mr. Arthur Diosy, founder of the Japanese Society in London, took place yesterday afternoon at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street.

The church was prettily decorated with palms and white flowers, and the bride was met at the church door by the officiating clergy and the choir.

She was dressed in a soft mouseline dress, veiled with Brussels lace. Her long, transparent train was fastened to one shoulder by a knot of orange blossom, and she carried a bouquet of the same flowers. There were two bridesmaids, Miss Hilda Inglis, sister of the bridegroom, and Mdlle. Laure Prevot, cousin of the bride, dressed in white satin with big white hats, and carrying flower muffs tied up with pink carnations and lilies and the Royal Artillery ribbon.

Among those present in the church and afterwards at the Hans Crescent Hotel, where the reception was held, were the Japanese Minister and Viscountess Hayashi, dressed in pale pink silk; Lady Arnold, who is Japanese, in tabac-brown with pale blue, Sir George and Lady d'Arcy Irvine, and several members of the Japanese Legation.

## AT ST. MARY ABBOT'S, KENSINGTON.

Another of yesterday's weddings was that of Mr. Charles Franklin Wright, of Magdalen House, Eye, Suffolk, and Miss Flora Kathleen Campbell, younger daughter of Mr. Francis Johnstone Graham Campbell, and niece of Mr. J. H. M. Campbell, K.C., M.P., Solicitor-General for Ireland, which took place at St. Mary Abbot's Church, Kensington, at one o'clock. The Vicars of Kensington and Eye (Suffolk) performed the ceremony. The bride, who is a tall and very pretty girl, looked charming in a dress of soft white crystalline, with a becoming white picture-hat, while a superb pearl and diamond necklace was the only article of jewellery worn. She was attended by her only sister, Miss Delia Campbell, gowned in the palest of pale grey, and a black hat.

## QUIET WEDDING AT CHELSEA.

Yesterday afternoon, at St. Saviour's Church, Walton-street, Chelsea, Major H. M. Cowper, the Queen's Regiment, was married to Miss Nora Leigh Clarke, daughter of Mr. George Clarke, of Roseville, Lisburn, Ireland. The wedding was kept so quiet as possible on account of serious illness in the bride's family, and only a very few relations and friends of both families were present. The bride, who was unattended by either

bridesmaids or pages, was given away by her father, and wore her travelling dress of white cloth, trimmed with lace, with a long ermine stole and a white plumed hat. Major Coles, a brother officer of the bridegroom, undertook the duties of groomsmen. The wedding party afterwards met at the Grosvenor Hotel, and early in the afternoon Major and Mrs. H. M. Cowper departed "en route" for the South of France.

Yesterday afternoon, at St. Paul's Church, Wimbledon Park, the marriage took place of Miss Alice Effie Murray, daughter of the late Mr. T. J. Murray, I.C.S., and Lady Elliott, to Mr. Charles Albert Radice.

## WITH THE HOUNDS.

The Southdown met at Lewes yesterday, when the presentation which is to be made to the late master, Mr. C. Brand, was on view in the Town Hall. The gift consists of a gold cup, four silver dishes, and painted miniature portraits of the family.

The meet was largely attended. It was a grand morning, and rattling sport was enjoyed. Hounds found a game fox in Ashcombe Plantation, and ran him at a clinking pace through Stanner Park and up to Race Hill. Here he doubled back to Woodingdean, where he was killed. The run lasted over an hour.

### Seventeenth Morning with the Belvoir.

In spite of a foggy morning, which at one time looked like interfering with sport, a large contingent from both Melton and Grantham turned out to meet the Belvoir at Croxton Park. Stonesby was blank, but a fox was found in Newman's Gorse, and hounds could not run a yard. The same state of affairs obtained throughout the day. There appeared to be no lack of foxes, but there was little or no scent.

Sir Watkin Wynn's hounds met at Yetchley, near Ellesmere, yesterday in glorious weather.

After a long draw, a fox was found in the moss, and, scent being good, hounds ran very fast to Welshampton through the bottom of Hampton Moss into George's Wood, and then over the canal to Spurhill. Reynard turned here, and was hunted back through George's Wood to Catty's Moss, being eventually lost in Lea Wood after a very fine hunt.

### Appeal by Lord Zetland.

In a circular addressed to the followers of the hounds bearing his name, Lord Zetland calls attention to "the serious damage and annoyance to farmers which is caused by riding over wheat, turnip, and clover seeds." Lord Zetland adds:—"It is especially desirable that grooms and second horsemen should keep to roads and bridle roads. That in no case should they break down fences, and in all cases shut gates after them."

### The Beauforts Idle.

Owing to the death of Mr. W. H. Harford, father of the Duchess of Beaufort, whose funeral takes place at Olveston to-day, the Beaufort pack will not meet again until further notice. For the same reason, Lord Fitzhardinge's Hounds will not meet at Tortworth to-day, but on Friday.

## OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5.

"Present gratitude insures the future good;  
And for the things I see I trust the things to be."  
—Whittier.

### Many happy returns to:—

Lady Beatrice Kemp.	Lord Mount-Edgcombe.
Lady Hilda Keith-Falconer.	Lord Montagu of Beaulieu.
Miss Emily Walsby.	Lord Morton.
Miss Nora Hewitt.	Colonel Charles Crichton.

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, who is a brother of the Duke of Buccleuch, was raised to the peerage in 1885.

He is Official Verderer of the New Forest and a County Alderman for Hants. He owns Palace House at Beaulieu, and Ditton Park, near Windsor.

Lord Montagu, like his elder son, Mr. John Scott Montagu, is most interested in automobilism, and gives his warmest support to every movement connected with the industry.

Lord Mount Edgcombe is a yachtman of some renown, which taste is also shared by his only son, Lord Valletort.

He is a very clever amateur carpenter, and at his seat at Mount Edgcombe, Plymouth, there are many specimens of his skill.

From 1879 to 1880 he served the late Queen in the capacity of Lord Chamberlain, and was also Lord Steward of the Household.

## WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following weather reports by telegram from our special correspondents at foreign winter resorts.

**Biarritz.**—Fair but overcast; maximum temperature, 58; minimum, 55.

**Cairo.**—Misty at first, clear later; warmer prospects; temperature, 8 a.m., 61; 2 p.m., 78.

**Cannes.**—Brilliant day; 10 hrs. sunshine; temperature, 65.

**Menton.**—Brilliant sunshine; noon temperature, 65.

**Naples.**—Sunny day; changeable prospects; maximum temperature, 69; minimum, 57.

**Nice.**—Brilliant sunshine; maximum temperature 68, minimum 49.



AMUSEMENTS.

**AVENUE THEATRE.**  
Lessee and Manager, Mr. FRANK CURSON.  
TO-NIGHT, at 8.30.  
Messrs. SHUBERTS will present the new Comic Opera,  
**BOLLY VARDEN.**  
By Stanlaue Black. With the Julian Edwards.  
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

**HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.**  
TO-NIGHT at 9.  
Preceded at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.  
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

**HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.**  
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.  
The Shakespearean  
KING LEAR  
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15.  
Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to ten.—HIS MAJESTY'S.

**IMPERIAL THEATRE.**  
Mr. LEWIS WALLER.  
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.  
Mr. LEWIS WALLER as  
MONSIEUR L'ÉCLAIR  
MATINEE NOVEMBER 7, and EVERY Following  
SATURDAY, at 2.30. Box-office open 10 till 10.

**ROYAL COURT THEATRE.**  
Mr. J. H. LEIGH will give  
Representations of Shakespeare's Play,  
THE TITUS ANDRONICUS  
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, and until further notice.  
MATINEES TUESDAY and FRIDAY, at 2.30.  
By George D'Oyly. Music by Howard Talbot.  
847TH PERFORMER TO-DAY.  
Box-office open 10 to 10. Telephone 5,5024 Westminster.  
Special Reductions for Schools.

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BIRTHS.

**FLOYD.**—On the 1st inst., at Castle View, Cowes, Isle of  
Wight, the wife of Commander H. R. P. Floyd, R.N., of

**PENNINGTON.**—On Oct. 30, the wife of the Rev. C. G. T.  
Sale Pennington, M.A., vicar of Holdenhurst, Hants, of

**SNOW.**—On the 2nd inst., at 65, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde  
Park, the wife of Colonel T. D. O. Snow, of Langton  
Lodge, Dorset.

**TRICKLE DE MATTO.**—On Nov. 3, at 9, Cheltenham-  
terrace, Chelsea, the wife of Mr. A. de Mattos, of  
Matto, of a son. Dutch and Irish papers, please copy.

MARRIAGES.

**CHANNER-CHANNER.**—On Oct. 30, at Bandon,  
Frederick Francis Ralph, Indian Forest Service, second  
son of Rev. E. C. Channer, vicar of Ravenshoe, Devon,  
Northants, to Edith Jane, third daughter of General  
Channer, C.B., V.C., of Bucklebury, Westbury, Wilts.

**YORK-LYNCH-STANLEY.**—On Oct. 30, at Parkbrook,  
Henry Reginald, eldest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel  
Philip York, to Miss Victoria Stanley, daughter of  
Captain Lynch-Stanley, late 14th Hussars, of Parkbrook,  
Hants.

DEATHS.

**DOUGIE.**—On Nov. 2, at 24, Carlisle-road, Hampton  
Heath, Jeanie Gilliland Dougie, widow of the Rev. David  
Buchanan Dougie, aged 62.

**HUME.**—On Nov. 1, 1903, at Plymouth, Edith (Hill),  
the beloved and loving wife of H. R. Hume, Bombay Presi-  
dency District Judge, aged 88.

**PATERSON.**—On Nov. 3, at 24, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde  
Park, William Paterson, late Judge of County Courts,  
aged 88.

**YELD.**—On Oct. 31, at Dover, Emily Martha, beloved wife  
of George Anson Yeld, of Crayke Lodge, Milverton, Leam-  
ington.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices  
of the *Daily Mirror* are:—

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upon their being typewritten and accompanied by a  
stamped addressed envelope. Contributions should be  
addressed plainly to the Editors, *The Daily Mirror*,  
2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., with the word "Con-  
tribution" on the outside envelope.

The  
Daily Mirror.  
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1903.

MORNING FINERY.

By A MERE MAN.

THE spectacle of Bond-street of an  
autumn morning nowadays may well  
make a Socialist pause. Never, perhaps,  
has lovely woman represented, in her own  
charming person, so large an amount of  
locked-up capital.

The furs on her shoulders alone may be  
worth any sum from twenty to five hundred  
pounds. Being a self-respecting person,  
she naturally wears real lace at her throat,  
and, following the latest fashion, a dozen  
yards within her voluminous sleeves. Her  
hat, maybe, will be crowned with artificial  
camellias or stuffed birds of Paradise; the  
price of her exquisite, subtly-simple frock  
will astonish even her docile menkin when  
they come to settle the bill. In addition,  
she has real orchids, La France roses, or  
Russian violets tucked among her sables  
and laces, and she has even copied, from  
over the Atlantic, the strange rite of thrusting  
priceless jewels in her ears of a morn-

In short, the modish woman is an amazing  
and bewildering spectacle, but is not the  
thing, after all, a little overdone? The  
fact is that we have borrowed from New  
York this un-English fashion of over-dressing  
in the morning and in the street, and it is  
a moot point whether the average English-  
woman does not look more seemly—and  
even more attractive—in the thick serges  
and neat hats which she wears invariably  
in the country.

In the evening, a woman cannot be too  
well turned out, her jewels cannot be too  
beautiful, her appearance, in a dull and  
serious world, cannot be too alluring. The  
dinner party and the ball are her legitimate  
fields of conquest. Like an officer at a  
review, she should be magnificently attired  
to slay—if the slaying is only fictitious. I  
never see a pretty woman in her warpaint  
without a sensation of pleasure, or the  
feeling that she is, in the jargon of the day,  
fulfilling her destiny.

But all this finery put on at eleven o'clock.  
The thing is grotesque!

A MOTHER AND HER SON.

By MICHAEL EMBLETON.

SEVERAL collections of letters and  
much other biographical matter  
dealing with Robert Louis Stevenson we  
have already. But more is very welcome.

"From Saranac to the Marquesas,"  
published to-day by Messrs. Methuen, forms  
an account of a visit, first to America and  
then to the Marquesas, Tahiti, and Hawaii,  
some of those wonderful island-groups in the  
Pacific; beautiful little worlds of their own  
amid a vast ocean, peopled by races without  
a history, and forming a part (as some  
scientists tell us) of a continent lost.

The volume consists of a collection of  
letters from Stevenson's mother to relatives  
at home, edited by Marie Clotilde Balfour,  
letters excerpted with great delicacy, so that  
though purely private communications are  
removed, the charming family life of the  
party is revealed in full sufficiency.

Mrs. Stevenson, with the great novelist,  
his wife, and his stepson, Mr. Lloyd Os-  
bourne, took the trip. The American visit  
is shortly dismissed; the time was mostly  
spent at Saranac, in the Adirondacks. The

yacht *Casco* was then chartered at San  
Francisco, and henceforward the letters be-  
come deeply interesting.

Considering that their writer was in her  
sixtieth year at the time of the journey, her  
vivacity, her power of observation, most  
joyously used, are remarkable; especially  
since she must have been in constant  
anxiety over the health of the son who was  
all the world to her. "Isn't it wonderful,"  
she writes, "that I am going to see all these  
strange places? I remember so well repeat-  
ing . . . at school

Full many are the beauteous isles

Unseen by human eye,  
That sleeping 'mid the ocean's smiles,  
In sunny silence lie?

I always longed so much to see them. . . .

With the natives the party were firm  
friends wherever they went, all forming  
brotherhoods and sisterhoods with various  
individuals, which involved an exchange of  
names, the members of the party using as a  
medium the native soubriquets they always  
received.

Here is a touch of Mrs. Stevenson's de-  
scriptive gift: "The women . . . are  
very pretty . . . their feet are bare,  
but tattooed in such beautiful patterns that  
they had the appearance of wearing open-  
work silk stockings." The whole book is  
full of charmingly humorous pictures.  
Here the ladies are sitting on the deck of  
the yacht smoking cigarettes with a native  
queen; there "Louis" is licking his fingers  
after partaking, native fashion, of a dish  
of bread-fruit and coconut sauce.

Here we have "Louis's" birthday party  
("two small pigs had been presented to  
him"); here, again, he is adopted as the  
text of a sermon, whereupon "Louis is de-  
lighted that he has at last found someone  
who appreciates his taste in dress," which  
was one of the features enlarged upon.

The necessary annotation of the letters  
is happily relegated to the end of the  
volume, so that the text furnishes an un-  
harassed record of the remarkable mother  
of a remarkable son.

CONTRASTS TO THE "DAILY  
MIRROR."

By CHARLES STIRRUP.

HE birth of the *Daily Mirror*, the  
first daily newspaper for ladies to be  
published in this country, occurs two  
hundred and ten years after the advent of  
the earliest of all journals printed in English  
which appealed directly to the fair sex—the  
"Ladies' Mercury."

The contrast between the "Mercury" and  
the *Mirror* is too great for words. The  
latter is as you see it; the former was a  
single sheet of about 10 in. by 7 in., and  
contained only four columns of printed  
matter.

Of news there was none whatever, and it  
was not always that an advertisement ap-  
peared, the first number, published on Feb-  
ruary 27, 1693, being without any, and the  
third being able to boast of only one, that  
of a certain "David Povey, Operator for the  
Teeth," who announced that he "hath a  
most excellent powder," and that he was  
"ready to wait on any Persons at their own  
habitations."

The paper was published on lines similar  
to those of the famous "Athenian Mercury,"  
and its whole contents can be gathered from  
the following editorial notice, which was in-  
serted in the third issue:—"All Questions  
relating to Love, etc., are still desired to be  
sent in to the Latine-Coffee-House, in Ave-  
Mary-Lane, to the Ladies' Society there,  
and we promise they shall be weekly  
answered with all the Zeal and Softness be-  
coming the Sex. We likewise desire we  
may not be troubled with other Questions  
relating to Learning, Religion, etc., We re-  
solving (as we said before) not to infringe on  
the Athenians."

The nature of the questions and answers  
shows with startling clearness the freedom  
of language which ladies indulged in two  
hundred years ago.

But whatever may be said against the  
"Ladies' Magazine," it was at least free  
of that gross scurrility which characterised  
the next ladies' paper, the "Female Tatler,"  
which first appeared in 1709, and continued  
to be published for about a year. It was  
slightly larger than its predecessor, and  
was advertised as being edited by "Mrs.  
Crackenthorpe, a lady that knows every-  
thing." This person was in reality Thomas  
Baker, a discredited writer of comedies.

One of the strangest things about the  
ladies' journals of the eighteenth century is  
that dress and fashions receive such a scant  
notice in them.

THE TABLOID LIFE.

By ADRIAN ROSS.

THERE was a delightful fairy tale that I  
once read, in which the youthful hero  
found himself in a cavern with a friendly goblin,  
and had to get to a region far above.  
The goblin asked the boy if he had ever taken  
a saline draught; the hero had. "Were you  
ever a saline draught?" said the goblin. The  
boy had not had that experience, whereupon  
his friend put him into a large glass with  
some white powder and poured water on him,  
and he effervesced through the intermediate  
strata and took shape again in the proper  
magic garden.

"We have all of us taken tabloids. I am  
beginning to think that we shall be tabloids  
before very long.

Town Tabloids.

Modern town life condenses us at every  
turn. We live in a flat, it may be; what  
is a flat but a house tabloid? It is a small flat  
concentration of all the essential qualities of  
a house, excepting bulk. The rent is a chemi-  
cal combination of rent, taxes, rates, and  
water rates, and you do not know in the least  
what the proportion may be. A staircase of  
flats is a bottle of tabloids representing a  
small street. When we go out, we shall soon  
have tubes everywhere, which are compressed  
locomotion, and to get to them we are com-  
pressed into lifts full of compressed air of  
considerable strength.

Flat-cleaners and Flat-feeders.

But flats may be considerably improved by  
additional scientific condensation. I do not  
mean that the rooms need be made smaller,  
that process has been carried far enough.  
Bedrooms six feet by nine are as small as  
anybody need want. But the flat must de-  
velop as Mr. H. G. Wells's horrid Martians  
did. Convenient restaurants will eliminate  
the kitchen and larder (if any), much as the  
scientific monsters of Mars got rid of their  
Little Marty (so to speak). Already I hear of  
a sinister machine which will be brought  
round to the foot of a building, and will  
stretch up a long sinuous arm of tube, and  
suck dust where crumbs and anything portable  
from carpets and chairs by means of a de-  
vouring vacuum. Why should not the process  
be reversed, and the meals for the day be  
handed in at the end of a gigantic tentacle?

Will it Act?

There are only one or two drawbacks to  
this vision of universal mechanism. In the  
first place, the apparatus would always go  
wrong at critical moments. The vacuum  
cleaner would drink up the soup before the  
engineer in charge could be induced to go  
to the flat where he was wanted. The restaur-  
ant machine would at times need lubricating,  
and every course would bear witness to the  
brand of oil used.

The Dial Indicator.

We can perfect most machines, but not our-  
selves. The more mechanical appliances we  
control, the more ways of going wrong we  
make possible. I was once at a New York  
hotel, in which each bedroom had a dial  
printed with every conceivable thing that a  
man could want alive or dead. You could  
order milk and porridge, buckwheat cubes  
and maple syrup, bacon and beans, hog and  
hominny, water melon, about fifty kinds of pie  
and twenty cocktails, a doctor, a nurse, a  
burial or a cremation, not to mention police,  
firemen, private detectives, newspaper re-  
porters, photographers, and scrambled eggs.  
I remember scrambled eggs, because I wanted  
them. I turned a clock hand to the right  
point, and then manipulated a handle. Chain  
lightning sparked round the dial, and I waited  
for the thunder. Ten minutes passed, and then  
a coloured gentleman in a white jacket strolled  
in, and with a condescension that I ap-  
preciated asked me if I wanted anything.

Rather Previous.

Now, there was nothing wrong with the  
dial. I worked perfectly. What the people  
wanted was to invent a nigger who would  
work. I did get scrambled eggs, but so  
I had done at an obsolete British inn with a  
mere bell-pull. I admit that perhaps I was  
unfortunate in my experience of the indica-  
tor. I heard of a guest who ordered a doc-  
tor, and an undertaker came, which was dis-  
tinctly premature. Then he called for a  
clergyman, and the firemen arrived, which  
was even invidious. The tabloid system may  
be carried too far.

A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE WORLD

NOVEMBER 5.—Lord Mount-  
Edgumbe's friends are congratulating him to-day.

He was born when Queen Victoria was  
young, but he came into the world too late  
to know his grandmother Sophia, of whom  
it is told that tragic tale which one can never  
forget.

The Countess was buried alive, and lived  
for many years afterwards.

Knowing that her valuable ring on  
her finger the sexton went to the vault to  
take it off, and, opening the coffin, he began  
to rub the finger.

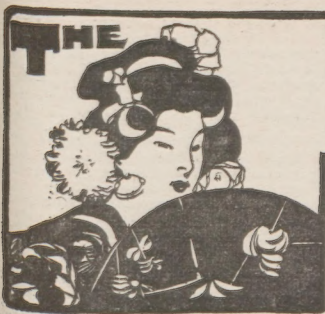
Lady Edgumbe sat up!

The sexton fled, we are told, leaving the  
doors of the vault and church open.

Lady Mount-Edgumbe walked home  
in her shroud, and appeared in front of the  
windows. That was the last that was seen of  
a ghost. When she saw her husband, she  
fainted away in his arms. This gave her  
family time to decide what should be done,  
and they set to work to persuade her that it had  
been a terrible delirium.

When she recovered from her faint she  
was in her own bed, and she ever believed  
it had been a dream.





## REFLECTIONS OF FASHION.

## THE FIAT REGARDING TRIMMINGS.

**R**UMOURS were current to the effect that when autumn came Fashion would decide in favour of simpler styles and less elaboration. With regard to millinery and fur these predictions have to a certain extent been verified, but so far as actual dress is concerned La Mode has never been so superb, sumptuous, and prodigal.

## Beautiful Buttons.

Fur garments are distinctly less trimmed than last year, but the decorating of day and evening gowns taxes the ingenuity of the designer to the utmost. Buttons play an important part in the general scheme of ornate display. A great number are ball shaped, and are of dull gold, or gold and cut steel, silver, or jet. Others, again, are flat and round in form, the centre being composed of enamel and the rim of paste. Many are of gold or silver, no bigger than an average glove button, and these often appear on waistcoats. Some resemble miniature sugar cones, the surface showing corkscrew-like ridges, others are of cut jet, round and flat, and on the same garment will graduate from the size of a threepenny bit to a crown piece.

Among the most effective buttons are some of glacé, embroidered with a star, or other striking pattern, in silk or cord, another variety coming in velvet, or braid, while a few are of suede or leather, and upon certain costumes pearl buttons look exceedingly smart.

On an evening gown, handsomely trimmed with blonde lace which revealed a design of clusters of ash-berries, these last stood out boldly by means of buttons covered in shaded taffetas, and the effect was both novel and striking. Whatever the material that makes them, buttons this year are almost without exception round in shape.

## Fur Applications.

Fur, cut into narrow strips and small pieces, is largely employed as trimming. A beautiful toilette of pale caude Nil cloth boasted a deep cape and wavy vertical lines of cream lace, on which appeared applications of ermine, and a magnificent gown of ruby velvet showed ermine used as garniture with excellent results. A dress of royal blue velvet, lace, and Russian sable left nothing to be desired, from a sartorial point of view, another of forget-me-not blue cloth looking lovely, profusely trimmed, both on bodice and skirt, with pendant sable tails. A walking costume, in which broadtail was married to black glacé, showed graduated buttons of cut jet, and a gown of moleskin cloth boasted bands of the fur from which it took its name. Panné and plush that imitate fur are of notable service as garniture, and, while being as effective when applied on to lace, are less liable to tear the delicate dentelles by their weight.

## Beautiful Belts.

Belts have not escaped the contagion, and many reveal exquisite embroidery. One, of before, was worked in several tones of green silk, pearls, and steel beads, a second, of ivory cloth on a costume of cream broadtail, featured a wonderful design in flat gold braid, and black and gold cord arranged in a clover-leaf pattern, each loop enclosing a small gold button. A deep Swiss belt, of black satin, had a point in front punctuated with a satin

# THE HOUR-GLASS OF FASHION

mousseline; the sides piped very narrowly with orange panne, and embroidered in a vandyke design in shaded yellows, the back being held by a monster buckle of dull silver studded with topaz.

Waistcoats, which are very narrow, are usually of the same material as the cuffs, and are decorated in a like manner, and occasionally the ceinture matches. Needless to lay stress on the fact that only women with slender figures dare affect belts that instantly attract the eye, but, perhaps, because ceintures are so much

but they are applied with discretion and are mostly iridescent or of silver, gold, or jet. Exceedingly elegant, and only seen on really costly toilettes, is garniture composed of stiff silk or satin, arranged in a prim pattern. Voile de Paris is to be much worn, trimmed with ribbon designs in shaded tones. Bows of ribbon or, smarter still, braid or galon are encountered on numerous exclusive gowns, and appear to advantage down the centre of a deep ceinture.

Waistcoats, cuffs, and neck bands are



## YESTERDAY IN PARIS.

## WHAT OUR CORRESPONDENT SAYS.

**I** got so interested on the subject of laces at the races at Chantilly the other day, for there were so many worn in the way of scarves, veils, flounces, and collars, that I went to the Maison de Dentelles, on the Rue de Halevy, to see what they had that was quite new. Such a beautiful collar in fine linen, with inset motifs of Venetian and of old filet was shown me. It was shaped like a boy's, round and flat about the throat, and running down halfway to the shoulders.

There were wide plaited sleeve flounces to match. Some long lace scarves, two and three metres long, and bordered with fur, will be worn loosely about the shoulders of handsome velvet visiting gowns.

## What French Children are Wearing.

Large lace veils are being worn also by little girls under four. A little tot came into tea at the Ritz this afternoon wearing a white plush coat with a painted design very discreetly put on its big pocket lapels and on its cuffs and collar. It had buttons and button holes (painted buttons of porcelain), but the fronts hung open to show a long vest effect of palest pink silk edged with gold braid and fastened with gold buttons. The skirts of the coat were put on high at the back, and the pockets were placed towards the back, giving it quite the eighteenth century air.

The little lady wore long white silk stockings and high, white undressed leather boots, and her bonnet of white felt with black and pink tips was adorned by a white applique lace veil laid straight across the poke, pinned on either side, its ends allowed to hang down upon each shoulder. She threw this back over her bonnet herself, when her milk came, with quite the air of having worn it all her little life. Of course, no child over four could wear properly so much elegance.

There was an elder sister with her, a child of perhaps eight, and she was dressed most plainly, but with distinction, in gold-brown corduroy, Russian blouse and full skirt, with plaited cambric sleeve ruffles and a plaited flat collar to match. Her brown felt hat was encircled with brown velvet roses and green leaves, and boasted ends of green velvet hanging down the side of its brim upon the front of the shoulder, gathered into green silk tassels.

## Tactics of a Clever Milliner.

I told you how Carlier has taken, first, the officer's gold epaulette, then the courtier's embroidered satin pocket flap, to serve as an adornment to a chapeau. She goes herself one better, this week, and has banded a fur turban with the ribbon garter that Molière's *gentilhomme* wore at the knee. It is sometimes green, sometimes red; a single two-inch band encircling the outside of the fur brim, its buckle at one side of the front fastening a cluster of hanging loops, like those that dangled in other days on the leg of the *salamb*.

Tiny, tiny ruches of picked taffeta in grey or brown are made with charming turbans, to wear with fur boleros, a sable skin laid across the crown, one end buckling with an Egyptian scarabee to one side of the front, the tails hanging down one side of the back.

It is quite cool enough now to be thinking of heavy garments, especially for motoring. I went into Strom's yesterday to see what there is that is new. M. Strom was showing a curious kind of "spat," which reaches well down to the toe, and which is made of leather lined with fur—excellent for one who is his own chauffeur.



## VISITING VARIETIES FOR THE SMART WOMAN.

The gown is a charming creation of Aubergine velvet. The skirt gauged several times in quite original fashion on heavy piping cords. While the corsage is equally interesting and novel, with a little embroidered grey cloth vest, collar of chinchilla, and quaint sleeves cut short about bouillonnée unders of pale grey mousseline de soie. The costume is completed by a muff of chinchilla, grey chenille, and chiffon. The capuchin of ermine is another highly-approved departure, the model illustrated carrying a line of dark fur round the edges, and fancy chenille tassels at every corner, a knotted chenille fringe finishing the ends.

en evidence just now, the small waist is again in favour.

Rounds of velvet are effective and popular trimming. A gown of dark blue cloth, arranged in narrow pleats, had each pleat, both of corsage and jupe, relieved with lines composed of graduated spots of shot green velvet. Another, of light blue cloth, was plentifully decorated with black velvet dots in different sizes, as well as small pyramid-shaped motifs of velours noire encircled by striped blue and gold cord.

Spangles are too decorative to be discarded,

often of white or light-coloured cloth, or costumes of plush, velvet, corduroy and fur, and are elaborately garnished with braid, cord, and embroidered silver or gold galon. A blouse of bright blue satin, spotted with emerald green, was extremely chic trimmed with coarse écreu lace and scarlet and white ribbon, very narrow and gathered. In fact the imagination of the designer may run riot in the matter of trimmings, provided always no offence is committed against the canons of Art.

made with charming turbans, to wear with fur boleros, a sable skin laid across the crown, one end buckling with an Egyptian scarabee to one side of the front, the tails hanging down one side of the back.







# Economical Party Frocks and a Simple Shirt.



Black silk beaver hat, with two whole snakes surrounding jam-pot crown. A veil of point d'Alencon is folded round crown and allowed to fall over the hair at back.



No. 1. A SIMPLE SHIRT.



White beaver hat, with large white plume; a scarf of beautiful old yellow lace surrounds the crown, and the feather is held in place by a clasp of silver filigree and paste.

## INEXPENSIVE PARTY FROCKS.

### DAINTY AND SIMPLE DESIGNS.

**D**AINTY, becoming, and inexpensive should be the guiding motto in the selection of a party frock for a young girl. Sweet seventeen is most alluring when garbed with simplicity, for youth loses its rare and delicate charm when sumptuously attired. At the present moment the shops are showing a tempting array of ready-made skirts with bodice materials to match in various ethereal and appropriate textures, at such modest prices as 30s. 6d. The shape of the skirt, which is usually accordion-pleated, is excellent, while the home dressmaker is generally equal to the task of fashioning a pretty and effective corsage.

#### The Beauty of White.

A good idea for a frock, say, of accordion-pleated white crêpe de Chine soft silk, or mousseline de soie is to have the bodice trimmed with a slightly pointed bertha, composed of triple frills of blonde lace, next the décolletage coming a serried row of small, white roses, innocent of any foliage. Across the shoulders, carrying narrow straps of satin ribbon, relieved with tiny, stiff bows, and supporting elbow sleeves, contrived from frills of lace, which leave the upper portion of the arm bare, while the high belt is of satin, prim bows being placed down the centre in front, the back boasting short ends.

Such a dress, lined throughout with taffeta, should not cost more than four pounds, while economy may be practised by merely wearing the skirt over a good silk petticoat, in which case the entire gown ought not to exceed three guineas. For a tall, slender girl an Empire robe of gleaming white satin has much to commend it. The short bodice should be full, and show a narrow tucker of lace threaded with white baby ribbon, a sash coming under the arms, and terminating in a chou, and long ends at the left side, the puff sleeves being supplemented by kid gloves.

Another fascinating frock consists of spotted white mousseline de soie. Gathered about the hips, the skirt is trimmed with billowy frills at the bottom, and the bodice pouched above a deep belt of palest blue satin, introducing an old world fichu bordered with cobwebby lace, into which a cluster of blush roses is tucked. Through the hair is twisted a scarf of light blue tied in a coquettish bow in the neighbourhood of the left temple.

#### Gown for a Girl.

Equally dainty is a dress of ringed écarlate over real rose pink. This vaunts a lace bertha headed and edged with parma violets, and a broad mauve sash, two flounces appearing on the full skirt, the topmost caught here and there with wreaths of violets. Of soft white silk is a pretty dress which has the over-skirt trimmed with five frills cut in deep vandyke points, each point punctuated with the head of a diminutive white rose in whose centre sparkles a diamond dewdrop, while the gathered corsage reveals a bertha likewise contrived from five vandyked frills and roses, which forms a deep V in front and behind and a shallower one on either arm, the effect of the tiny glittering flowerets being very fairylike and charming.

Pale green mousseline de soie inspires a lovely gown for a girl. The Marie Antoinette corsage consists of wide silver galon, and the round décolletage is softened by frills of accordion-pleated chiffon in the same shade, at the left side being fastened a spray of pink roses, violets, and maidenhair feather.



A  
Simple  
yet  
Useful  
Outdoor  
Toilet.

A USEFUL COSTUME.

One that might be equally well arranged in cloth or serge in a pleasant royal blue shade, trimmed with finger depths of dark fur and touches of rich coloured Oriental embroidery.

## A SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE SHIRT.

Despite the plethora of pretty extravagances that abound, there is really no more effective wear for a trim, well-set-up figure than a perfectly simple little shirt of soft silk, delaine, or those wonderfully fine flannels now obtainable. And given one of these same shirts, perfectly cut, fitted, and made, there is once the foundation for an endless display of dainty detail, elaborate or the reverse, according to requirement. And such a model as is required is the one depicted here, in Indian red silk, ring spotted in black and a paler shade of the red, with its ornamented front of filmy lawn lingerie, heading and plisse frills, the little turned-back cuffs and collar ensuise.

The price of blouse pattern is 6d. flat, tacked up 1s. 3d.

## "DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs in this paper can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Offices, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. All applications to include the number and the price of the pattern or patterns. The patterns will be cut, in the case of adults, in the medium size only. When the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of 6d. or over, should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are despatched at the earliest possible moment.

## TO-DAY'S SHOPPING.

### AN IMPORTANT FEATURE

AT PETER ROBINSON'S, OXFORD STREET.

Trite, but very true, is it that an ill wind blows nobody any good. And the insistent wind of a completely odious autumn has blown into the discerning lap of this Oxford-street house an unprecedented stock of down quilts and blankets that have hung on the order of their selling, and are now offered at prices calculated to tempt even the ultra-parsimonious.

And the like holds good of mantles and jackets; all this season's models, which are marked down at one-third to one-half their original prices. Together with many Paris and Vienna model costumes, these last stepping down—think of it!—from £15 and £30 to 5s and 8s guineas. And for such opportunities we have the weather alone to thank; which is truly the law of compensation.

Nor must the opening of the Christmas Bazaar be overlooked, double the usual area being allotted to this. So there is joy indeed in store for old and young alike at the Oxford-street house of Peter Robinson.

MESSRS. HEWETSONS, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

It will be an interesting piece of news to those who love bargains in furniture that prior to rebuilding their already spacious premises Messrs. Hewetson propose to sell off at extraordinary reductions.

It is almost superfluous to add that in so large and varied a choice as prevails here it would be impossible now to find just the one coveted piece, probably long desired. And foremost among these reductions comes a large collection of sofas and armchairs, especially designed to meet the demand for comfort. To dip haphazard into the mass, there is the Bedford sofa reduced to £3, and Cornwall at £4 5s., both covered in artistic cretonne, ready for use. Then a Chesterfield at £5 10s. is a veritable bargain, while there is an irresistible choice in quaint grandfather settees and chairs.





## Womans Work

Lady  
Professors of  
Gymnastics  
A Lucrative  
Calling.

ONE of the most lucrative professions open to women at the present time is that of teacher of gymnastics and general physical training. A girl who is fully qualified and certificated will find very little difficulty in securing an appointment, and at a commencing salary which in many women's professions would be considered good as the ultimate reward of long service.

Young teachers, who have only just qualified, often obtain as much as £100 a year at the high schools or gymnasia, and they have a prospect of rising to £250 a year, or even more. As an assistant teacher £150 a year may be considered the maximum, but a clever instructress should in time be able to obtain a post as head-mistress, either at home or in the Colonies, or she may embrace private teaching, which is the most paying department of all, and brings in an income of four figures to a few women.

### Large Demand for Teachers.

The prospects in the profession are very bright just now as the supply of teachers is well under the demand, but those who wish to take up this work should lose no time in equipping themselves, as competition will sure to be felt later on. There are a number of excellent schools and colleges established for their education, among which may be mentioned the Gymnastic Teachers' Training College, in connection with the South-Western Polytechnic, Chelsea; the Physical Training College, at Dartford, Kent; the Southport School of Physical Training; and the Anstey Physical Training College, near Halesowen, Worcestershire. The length of the course is in each case two years, and pupils are taken between the ages of eighteen and thirty.

With regard to fees, these vary; but a most thorough and comprehensive training may be obtained at the South-Western Polytechnic for 12 guineas a term, or 72 guineas for the whole course of two years. If this sum is paid in advance the student has the option of extending her training for another year without an extra charge.

### Systems Borrowed from Afar.

In this school, which is associated with the University of London every system of gymnastics is taught—the German, the Swedish, and the so-called English system, the latter amounting to little more than the ordinary army drill. It is this lack of an English course which makes it advisable to acquire both the German and the Swedish systems, as neither of these is by itself an ideal training for English men and women, who present marked physical differences from the people of either nation. A really satisfactory system for use in this country can only be formed by taking features from each, and a student who confines herself to one branch will make a great mistake.

The only possible drawback to be set against the obvious advantages of this calling is that an assistant teacher who has not been able to secure a post as head-mistress may find that later on in life her agility is not equal to performing gymnastic feats and

that she must retire. To this objection the answer is that no woman whose physical health is not excellent should think of entering the profession, and that the healthy life and constant training will keep her in the pink of condition till she is at least forty-five, and that then she should be able to make a good living by private teaching. If she has some money at her back, and she should certainly have been able to save some hundreds of pounds from her salary, she could afford to employ an assistant, or if this were beyond her means, she might take a young teacher into partnership.

## THE FAMILY PLATE.

### HOW TO KEEP SILVER BRIGHT AND CLEAN.

The two methods most generally in use for cleaning silver are the dry method and the wet method.

To pursue the dry method proceed as follows: Mix precipitated whiteness to a smooth paste with a little water, methylated spirit, or ammonia water. Hold the article to be cleaned in the hand, and with a soft flannel rub the whiteness paste all over it. Let it quite dry on, then with a soft duster rub off the whiteness, using a plate brush to get the paste out of any crevices, but being careful not to scratch the surface of the silver.

When all the whiteness is wiped off, polish the silver with a leather, and do not hold the piece of plate in the hand but in the leather, as all finger marks will show on the polished surface.

The wet method is the following one: Rub the whiteness paste on to the article to be cleaned as above directed. Let it dry on. Have ready a bowl of warm soapy water and wash the silver in this thoroughly. Dry each piece separately after rinsing it in clean warm water, and then polish it with a leather. This method gives less trouble than the former one, as there is no whitening dust to be swept up after the silver is cleaned, neither is there any fear of whitening being left in the crevices.

Many servants when cleaning silver injure the shape of the piece by putting it down on the table and pressing their whole weight on it to produce a polish on it. Small articles, such as muffineers, cream jugs, and children's mugs are frequently bent as a result of such treatment, though there is absolutely no need for it, since all small things should be held in the hand when they are being polished.

Sometimes silver is stained with eggs, or medicine, or ink. To remove the egg stains rub the spoons when washing them with a little salt, a task that should be done each time the spoons have been used for eggs.

Medicine stains can generally be removed by rubbing the spoon with lemon juice, or if it be a very obstinate stain use salt and lemon juice. Ink stains, if not allowed to dry on, can be removed by washing the piece in warm, soapy water, but if the ink has dried on the silver it is very hard to remove. To effect the purpose for real silver use a solution of chloride of lime, and be very careful to boil whatever has been stained afterwards, but do not put soda in the water. Electro-plating must not be treated with chloride of lime, as it would injure the plating. Repeated washing with ammonia water might be used for it.

If silver has to be put away for any length of time, wrap it carefully in soft tissue paper.

## SIMPLE DISHES.

### CHOCOLATE CAKES.

INGREDIENTS:—Four ounces of good chocolate, two eggs, two ounces of flour, one ounce of ground ginger, four ounces of butter, three ounces of castor sugar, two tablespoonfuls of milk, quarter of a teaspoonful of vanilla, quarter of a teaspoonful of baking powder.

First grease a flat baking tin, then line it with greased paper, letting the paper stand up half an inch above the top of the tin.

Beat the butter and sugar together with a wooden spoon till soft like whipped cream. Add the eggs one by one, beating each in well. Cut the chocolate into small pieces, put it in a small pan with the milk and stir over the fire till quite smooth.

Sieve together the flour, ground rice, baking powder and a pinch of salt. Then stir these lightly into the butter and egg mixture; lastly add the chocolate and milk, and mix well. Pour the mixture into the prepared tin. Spread it over evenly, and bake in a moderate oven from ten to fifteen minutes, or till firm. Next turn the cake over on to a piece of sugared paper, and gently draw off the greased paper. Place the cake on a sieve till cold. Stamp it then out into any pretty fancy shapes. These should then be iced with chocolate icing and decorated with chopped pistachio nuts or cocoanut.

### DEVILED SARDINES.

INGREDIENTS:—Two sardines for each person; for each sardine allow a thin slice of bacon and a finger-shaped piece of buttered toast, also half a lemon, the hard-boiled yolk of one egg, a little coralline pepper.

Skin the sardines carefully, and cut off the tails. Cut the bacon into neat thin strips. Roll each sardine in a slice of bacon, and squeeze a few drops of lemon juice on it and dust very slightly with cayenne. Place the sardines on the finger-shaped pieces of hot buttered toast and put them on a baking tin in the oven till the bacon is a pale brown, it will probably take from eight to ten minutes.

While they are cooking, rub the yolk of the egg through a sieve, then just before serving decorate each sardine with a little of the pretty feathery-looking yolk, and sprinkle over a little coralline pepper. Serve as hot as possible.

This is always a popular savoury, besides being inexpensive.

### FRICASSEE OF EGGS.

INGREDIENTS:—One pint of milk. One large onion. Two cloves. One carrot. A small bunch of parsley. Four or more eggs. Two ounces of butter. One and a half ounces of flour. A few slices of bacon.

Put the milk into a saucepan, prepare and add to it the carrot, onion (with the cloves stuck into it) and the parsley. Let these simmer for half an hour. Put the eggs on the fire in a pan of cold water, and let them boil twenty minutes. Then shell them and cut them in half.

Melt the butter in a pan, add the flour to it and stir it in smoothly. Next strain the milk into the pan and stir over the fire till the sauce boils and thickens. Season it well with salt, pepper, and a few drops of lemon juice. Then put in the eggs. Let them get very hot in the sauce, taking care when moving them that the yolks do not get knocked out of the whites. While the eggs are heating cut the bacon into neat dice, also some stale white bread. Fry both a pale golden colour in boiling fat. Chop finely two teaspoonfuls of parsley. Arrange the eggs on a hot dish, pour the sauce over them. Arrange alternately little heaps of bread, bacon, and chopped parsley round the edge.

## A CHOICE OF DISHES.

### BREAKFAST.

Fresh Haddock with Anchovy Butter.  
Scallops of Portridge.  
Omelette aux fines Herbes.  
Dressen Patties.  
Poached Eggs with Anchovies.

### LUNCH.

A Salad of Fish. Fricassee of Eggs.  
Boudinets of Cold Mutton.  
Veal Olives. Macaroni and Tomato Pie.  
Curry Croquettes. Cauliflower au Gratin.  
Artichokes à la crème.  
Banana and Orange Salad.  
Chocolate Pudding.  
Savoury Cream Sandwiches.

### COLD DISHES.

Galantine of pork. Chaudroid of chicken.  
Pressed beef. Game pie.

### TEA.

Sandwiches à la Monaco.  
Tartlettes aux abricots. Queen Cakes.  
Chocolate Cakes. American dough nuts.

### DINNER.

Soup.  
Consommé Julienne.  
Purée de Choux de Bruxelles.  
Filets de Barbeue à la Vatel.  
Cotelettes aux Huitres à la Crème.

Entrées.  
Filets de Lièvre à la Montpelier.  
Pigeons à la duchesse.

Road.  
Filet de veau roti.  
Sole d'agneau à la Maitre d'hôtel.

Game.  
Pardrean blanc roti. Salmis of Game.

Vegetables.  
Celery à la fermière.  
Epinards à la Française.

Sweets.  
Crème de bananes. Pommes à l'Adelaide.

Savouries.  
Baton Gruyère. Sardines à la Diabla.

Ice.  
Glace au Moka.

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Ladies' Tailors  
AND  
Habit Makers.



GENTLEWOMAN, Oct. 31st, 1903.

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DEAR SIRS,  
I am very pleased with my Habit, and Mr. Wrangham considers it one of the nicest I have ever had. It is very comfortable and fits exceedingly well, and I think your "Patent Safety" the best I have ever had, and I have worn all the best known patents. I consider yours has a decided advantage over them as, besides being extremely comfortable and safe, it is most simple and easy to adjust, and the skirt when off the saddle looks very nice. I shall certainly recommend it most highly to all my hunting friends.  
Yours faithfully,  
G. WRANGHAM.

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soft in feel.  
Free from Smell.  
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WE ARE SHOWING THESE THIS WEEK ALL AT  
ONE PRICE, 6<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> PER YARD. PER YARD to 4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>. Plain Colours,  
White, Cream, Pink, Blue, Cardinal, &c. also a large  
variety of pretty Stripes.

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STRIPS OF APPLIQUE LINEN EMBROIDERY, on  
Cloth or Serge, in dainty colourings and exquisite  
designs. Worked complete, from 18/6 to 21/. Length  
39 yards; width, 4 1/2 inches. PER YARD to 4 1/2. Plain Colours,  
White, Cream, Pink, Blue, Cardinal, &c. also a large  
variety of pretty Stripes. THE NEW LINEN STOCK COLLARS, on White or  
conventional designs. From 18/6 to 21/. Length  
DAINTY ART LAWN STOCKS, EMBROIDERED, 1/9  
each, in White and Pale Colours.  
A large Collection of Strips, Stoles, Collars, etc., prepared  
for own working.

The favour of a visit is requested.  
33, King-street, Manchester; 89, Corporation-street, Bir-  
mingham; and Derwent Mills, Cockermouth.



## The Daily Time Saver

### PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Crabs.	Oysters.	Lobsters.
Whiting.	Whitebait.	Smelts.
Mackerel.	Mullet.	Halibut.
Soles.	Plaice.	Turbot.
	Smoked Salmon.	
Poultry and Game.		
Capon.	Chickens.	Ducks.
Geese.	Turkeys.	Hens.
Pheasant.	Partridge.	Grouse.
Plover.	Snipe.	Teal.
	Woodcock.	
Vegetables.		
Cardoons.	Celery.	Cauliflowers.
Leeks.	Garlic.	Onions.
Scotch Kale.	Spinach.	Savorys.
	Jerusalem Artichokes.	Salsify.
Meat.		
Pork.	Veal.	Beef.
		Mutton.
Fruit.		
Quinces.	Water Melons.	Apples.
Kentish Cobs.	Chestnuts.	Cocoanuts.
Grapes.	Bananas.	Pineapples.
Pears.	Oranges.	Tangerines.
	Lyches.	

### FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Blissness for the Table.  
Mimosa with Asparagus Fern,  
Lilies of the Valley and Smilax,  
Bronze Japanese Chrysanthemums and  
Variegated Oak Leaves.

### Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Wednesday evening.

### THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 4.—POULARDE A LA SAMARITAINE.

(By M. ESPEGEL, of the Berkeley Hotel.)

Cut a large poularde in pieces, place a little butter in a sauté pan and throw the pieces of poularde in it, add four spring carrots sliced and a small onion, season to taste, add a glass of Chablis and a little stock. Cook slowly for twenty-five minutes. Dress the poularde in a tureen. Reduce the gravy, add half a pint of cream, pour over the poularde, and serve.



Our Feuilleton.

# Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "By Right of Marriage.")

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

CAPTAIN PHILIP CHESNEY.—A young officer who has been living outside his income.  
MARTIA CHESNEY.—His wife.  
SIR JOHN CHESNEY.—Captain Chesney's father. A man with a secret.  
COLONEL JOSCELYN.—A man with a bad character socially, but a great soldier.  
FATHER LYLE.—A Catholic priest and Sir John's father confessor.  
DETMOULD.—A man with millions and no morals. Captain Chesney's chief creditor.

## HOW THE STORY BEGINS.

Although on the June day when the story opens Martia and Captain Philip Chesney have been man and wife for three years, they are still lovers. Never a cloud has arisen to dim their long honeymoon; but ever in the background their debts have been increasing. Yet they have gone on playing in the sunshine, "leaving worries till to-morrow." It is while on a visit to Sir John Chesney, Captain Chesney's father, that matters reach a climax. Captain Chesney tells Martia that the crash has come; that he cannot meet his debts—not tradesmen's bills, but gaming debts. His chief creditor—one Detmould, a millionaire—has told Colonel Joscelyn, and the Colonel has hinted that it would be to the regiment's gain if Captain Chesney handed in his papers. Martia is distraught; but she is as a child in such affairs. She feels that it is her extravagance which has caused her husband's disgrace. He must not resign his commission; she will go and see Colonel Joscelyn. Her husband forbids her to do so. Colonel Joscelyn, he says, although a great soldier, is not the man any woman can ask a favour of. Then, cannot Sir John Chesney, "the pater," help? No; he must never know the reason of Philip's resignation, for the blow to the family honour would kill him.

That afternoon, while Captain Chesney "stays at home to think," Martia goes to an afternoon reception at a Mrs. Adeane's. She must keep up appearances for her husband's sake. She still feels that the only hope of escape lies through Colonel Joscelyn; but always her husband's words ring in her ears, "Not a man I should like any woman to ask a favour of."

The first person she sees at Mrs. Adeane's is Paul Joscelyn himself.

Her heart beats in her throat. Is it—Fate? Martia goes up to him and asks him, prays him, to save her husband. Detmould is a friend of his, and he, Colonel Joscelyn, has but to say the word and her husband will have another chance. Carried away by her own pleading she promises to do anything in return.

Colonel Joscelyn says he will do what she asks if she will come to his rooms at ten o'clock that evening.

Martia goes for her husband's sake, but finds Detmould there alone. He makes love to her as a man lacking all moral sense, and she, half mad with fury, picks up a dagger and strikes. The next thing she knows is that Colonel Joscelyn has entered, and is leaning over Detmould. Even while the Colonel is telling her that Detmould is dead, his Indian servant announces that Captain Philip Chesney, Martia's husband, has called.

Colonel Joscelyn manages to send Captain Chesney away without betraying Martia's presence in his room. Then Martia goes on to Lady Leicester's ball, acting her part as though nothing had happened.

## CHAPTER VII.

"I tell you, Philip, I have made up my mind. I cannot die until I have made public confession of my great sin."

Through the silence that followed the rain-drops pattered unevenly; they were the aftermath of a teeming downpour that had descended with beneficent violence upon the parched earth.

Philip Chesney stood at one of the open windows of his father's room. Almost he could hear the flowers and the grass, bruised by the deluge, but satisfied, breathing a prayer of gratitude in the night.

He turned impatiently, and began to walk up and down the room, bare almost as a cell, with a strange, denuded look about it, as if it had once been full of furniture that had been taken away. So full of its own individual atmosphere is a room that a change in its felt; and not very long ago there had been rich Eastern rugs on these boards, and elaborate pieces of florid Chippendale, instead of these hard, monkish chairs, and beautiful Pagan bronzes, instead of Lippi's Annunciation, had decked the mantel-shelf, and that one of the walls had held a fine collection of delicate china and curios from all lands, but was now sparsely filled with religious books.

Philip never entered this room without an impatient mental protest against this material sign of the spiritual change that had taken

place in his father's nature some six months ago, when Sir John, until then a man of no particular religious views, had been, after twelve months' close companionship with Father Patrick Lyle, a Jesuit priest, received into the Roman Catholic Church.

But it was something deeper and warmer than impatience that flushed the young man's cheeks on this summer night; and there was both resentment and incredulity in the swift glance that he shot at the aged and noble figure of his father, who sat in a large wooden chair with bare, solid arms and a slung leather seat with a little table, on which were books and a reading lamp, beside him.

There was no other light in the room, and in the pale greenish radiance that it diffused, Sir John Chesney looked very frail. He was a tall man, but he seemed to have shrunk together in his chair. In his youth he had been even handsomer than his son, and now there was a nobility and distinction in his well-set head, with its snowy hair and beard, and that fine delicacy in his features that age bestows on men and women whose lives have been passed in calm pursuits, in acquiring culture amidst sympathetic surroundings, far from the storm and stress of rugged action, of the eternal battle which, while it often mars the individual, makes the world. He suffered from a heart affection, a few sharp attacks of which had recently reduced him to a state of great physical weakness; and he looked much older than his sixty-five years.

To-night there was a light of excitement in his blue eyes, whose usual expression was one of gentle mournfulness; and, as he supported himself by laying his hands heavily on the arms of his chair and gazed eagerly at his son pacing the room in sullen silence, it was clear that he was making a great effort to garner his feeble strength, as if he scented a battle. As Philip remained dumb, he broke the long silence, saying in a low, sad voice:—

"You turn from me, my boy; you despise me."

"I am dazed," the young man answered. His tone was not unfeeling, but there was no sympathy in it. "I do not understand."

"Have I not made myself clear?"

The young man stopped in his restless walk.

"Too clear," he said; and his voice struggled between anger and amazement. "But, how can you expect me to understand it all at once? You have let me grow to manhood with certain instincts and traditions fixed in my nature; you have let me choose my profession, carve out my own life; and now, when I am nearly thirty years old, you tell me that I have no right to my name, nor to my traditions—that you have no right to yours. Does it not sound incredible?" He flung up his hand, flushing more hotly still. "It is like a book. It is monstrous!"

"And yet it is very simple, just a story of a great sin." The old man shook his head dreamily. Time was annihilated; his mind had driven back into the past. "A sin that was made very easy," he murmured regretfully.

"If I could only think you were mad!"

"Ah, no! I have been mad all this time; I have been blackening my soul, piling up my debt to God and to the world higher with each day. But now I see it so clearly, and I know what is the right thing to do, and I have found strength to do it; and oh, my dear boy, if you love me, you will help me to do it, and to find peace for my soul."

Philip had resumed his pacing. He did not seem to have heard Sir John's last words.

"I can't understand it," he repeated, still almost doubtful of his father's sanity. "It seems impossible! How could you have kept up such a deception for so many years?"

"You see," said the old man, "I knew Jack Chesney so well; we were like brothers for many years out in Australia."

"Australia!" cried Philip, with an excited laugh. "I told you it was like a book. In books those things always happen in Australia."

"Ah, Philip, upbraid me if you will, but don't use that modern weapon of scoffing laughter!"

"I am sorry, sir," said the young man, sobered and a little ashamed. "I ought not to have spoken like that. Forgive me if I am not quite myself. It is so sudden, so amazing! I am not Philip Chesney; you are not Sir John Chesney! Surely I must be dreaming!"

"No," said his father, still in that low and reminiscent tone, "you are not dreaming, Philip. I would to God you were, so that you might wake and find your father what you always thought him. Five-and-thirty years ago Jack Chesney died in the Australian Bush, and I stole his name and came back to England and took his place."

"Tell me everything," said the young man eagerly. "You have only mentioned the bare facts twice; but I want to know how you did it, and how all these long years you have kept it up without being found out."

"Oh, Philip, I see from your face that you still believe I am mad, and that I shall betray myself in the confusion and improbability of the story. But it is so simple, it was so easy—so really easy. I knew the real Jack Chesney very intimately. We were both the same age; we arrived at the same time, both reckless boys, both without means and without much idea of what we were going to do. We had both quarrelled with our people; we were both filled with a vast idea of finding freedom in the great spaces—in a rough and strenuous life, far from the trammels of civilisation. We were neither of us made for it, but we did not know that then. He told me all about himself from the first; but not to another soul there did he ever mention his family or the history of his early life."

"I won't drag the story out, Philip. We found out, like so many others, that fortunes are not to be picked up every day, that even freedom may be paid for too dearly, with

ceaseless work of the roughest kind, with privations and hardships, with the isolation, the weary longing for home. But we drifted on; he would never go back, and it never occurred to me to leave him. Ten years passed in fruitless labour, leaving us not much better off than when we had landed in our enthusiastic youth, with our hearts full of high hopes and boundless dreams."

"Then we separated. My health was beginning to give out, and I had to go to Melbourne, and he could not bear a town, not even for my sake, although he often told me that I was the only soul in the world for whom he cared a snap of his fingers. I heard nothing of him for two years; I found a place as a schoolmaster, and dragged out a miserable existence. One day I came across Jack Chesney in the streets, dying. He had contracted pneumonia and was recovering when a great longing overcame him to see me, and he travelled to Melbourne and caught another chill. On his deathbed he told me that he had received a letter the day before, telling him that he had come into the title, as both his father and his elder brother were dead. It was the first communication he had had from home for twelve years, so bitter had the feud been that had driven him away."

"But how had they traced him?" asked Philip, who had been following the story with breathless interest.

"On reaching Melbourne it had occurred to him to ask for letters at the post office. He found this one; it had been waiting for him for more than six months."

"I see—and you came back to England instead of him. And no one ever suspected you?"

"No one. Means of communication were not so advanced in those days. And if I had really been Jack Chesney, I could not have known him better. His mind had been an open book to me for ten years. I scarcely needed to play a part."

"What made you do it?"

"Several things; but I think chiefly the hatred of poverty, and the longing to see England, and to live a life of ease amidst beautiful surroundings. It is difficult to analyse the state of one's soul thirty-five years ago; but I know that I was impelled by some irresistible force, and I had no scruples whatever. I knew that Jack Chesney would rather see me in his place than any other living soul."

"But his people?"

"His mother was alive when I left Australia, but she died before I reached England. I was grateful, for I should have found it painful to deceive her. Old Lord Clowes was his nearest relative living."

"Did he not suspect you?"

"Never for a moment. He had known Jack as a boy; I could back a man of thirty, with the ten most transfiguring years of a human being's life behind me. My hair was about the same colour as his, and I always wore beard; my eyes were bluer than his, and I was a little bigger; but those were things that might well have changed in him since he left England at the age of eighteen. Lord Clowes died a few months afterwards, and his son, the present one, had hardly known Jack."

"But his other relations?"

"You know how few they are, and how distant. They took little notice of the return of the heir to the peerage. They used to anger me at first by saying how much I had improved. They were cruelly unjust to him while he lived. Although I stole his name from him, I loved him as if he were my brother."

"Who would have come in for the title?"

Philip's voice, though deeply interested, was no longer so harshly excited; the dark look of resentment was no longer on his face; he had ceased his pacing and seated himself near his father.

"There was no direct heir," said Sir John. "I suppose old Lord Clowes would have added it to his other titles. He was the nearest relative, although only a third cousin."

"Then you wronged no one?"

"No—not in that way."

"But the people who had known him in Australia; were you not afraid of meeting them?"

"He was never known by his right name in Australia; he called himself Green, and I buried him under that name. Years afterwards I met one man I had known very well in Melbourne, but he did not recognise me in the least. I suppose I had changed."

"And you married my mother?"

"A year after I came home."

"And did she ever know?"

"God forbid! She lived and died in ignorance. It would have broken her heart. The greatest proof of the stubborn blindness of my better nature was the fact that I never experienced a single pang of regret for the gross deception I practised on her."

"You made her happy," said his son, in a sudden burst of partisanship, for this old man who was tearing with ruthless hands the veil of honour and reverence in which he had been shrouded for so many years. "That is all a woman wants. I remember her always as the happiest woman I ever saw. I told myself that, if ever I could make my wife as happy, I should be a fortunate man."

Sir John's eyes, blue as a child's in his old age, grew dim.

"Those words would almost comfort me, my boy," he murmured, "if I could be sure of your support in the renunciation that I must make of the name and place that are not mine."

"Renunciation!" cried Philip, with a return to his former harshness. "What's the good of talking of that? It is too late." And, before his father could interpose, he added: "You have not told me who I really am, who you really are. Is there any fresh blow in store for me? Is there any stain on the name that you bore?"

To be Continued To-morrow.

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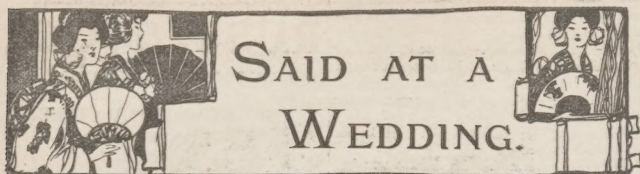
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## SAID AT A WEDDING.

A Dialogue by Charlotte Carl.

Scene: The parish church in a provincial town.

MISS PRANKSLEY (a lady of uncertain age. Excitedly to her friend, also of uncertain age): Do you think we can see? I doubt it. Eh? Stand on the seats? Yes, we might, as it's a wedding. So tiresome of that stupid verger putting us so far back—and I gave him a shilling, too. Oh, there come the Simpsons-Greys. No, we are not re-ally on visiting terms with them. (Bowing and smiling.) How d'ye do, Mrs. Simpson-Grey, how d'ye do? (Triumphantly.) Evidently they are among the invited guests—see, they are going up to the front. Charming people. I'm very fond of them. We always meet at the Primrose League garden party at Lord Carnesster's. Mr. Simpson-Grey is coming forward at the next election. I rather pride myself on having a bowing acquaintance with a few really nice people. It helps one, don't you know, to hold up one's head.—One is so very apt to stoop a little when one gets among common people.

MRS. SIMPSON-GREY (A large woman, wearing many feathers, and who continually holds gold-rimmed eyeglasses to her eyes. Her daughter is also large, with a flower-laden hat): Tiresome to be put in this front seat! What do you say, Gwendoline, we can't see the people as they come up? Well, I can't help it. Ever since your father spoke of offering himself as a candidate at the next election we have had to take the worst seats more or less wherever we go—and do it with smiles, too. What shocking taste to have so many palms. These rich manufacturing people always overdo things. I heard the bride's dress was to be trimmed with Brussels lace; I should not wonder if it is covered with it. Who can that be rustling up the aisle? Turn round and look, will you? Lady Carnesster! Upon my word, what presumption of these people to ask her to their daughter's

wedding. And—not really—not Lord Carnesster! Well, even I would not have had the assurance to ask him. Upon my word! (Resettles her feather boa in righteous anger.) Don't turn round again, Gwendoline. Let us look as if we were quite uninterested—bored, in fact.

LORD CARNESSTER (a dandified man of fifty, his moustache suspiciously dark when contrasted with his iron-grey hair. Frowns through his eye-glass in various directions, punctuating this by confidential remarks in an undertone to Lady Carnesster, who has a high nose, short upper lip, fair hair, and a vivacious manner.) As a matter of fact, all this is done to popularise the bridegroom. It's hinted that he is to oppose Simpson-Grey. (Looking round.) By Jove, it is a full church. I should estimate—speaking roughly—that there will be—well, three hundred guests. And I was told all the decorations were being done by a man in the town—that everything, in fact, has been got through the local tradespeople, and I'm glad to hear it. (Genially.) That's the way to get votes. What do you say—you've got on my deaf side—will the bridegroom have any chance against Simpson-Grey? (Moment of concentrated thought.) I should say yes—decidedly yes. (Quickly.) Oh, undoubtedly Simpson-Grey has got splendid coadjutors in his eternal feminines. Mrs. Simpson-Grey and the daughter do a deal of bowing and handshaking. Still, I have always said it, and I'm prepared to stick to it, that Simpson-Grey himself is a fool, a complete fool. And though Mrs. Simpson-Grey is clever, I doubt if she is clever enough to spang-hew a noodle of a man like Simpson-Grey into Parliament. Hum—what? (Stoops his ear to Lady Carnesster.) Oh, by jove, yes, the bridegroom! And he's got Sutton for best man. Clever

stroke. Sutton's good for a lot of colliers' votes.

MR. SUTTON (tall, youthful, with high shirt collar. Draws his clean-shaven chin uneasily between his fore-finger and thumb as he takes surreptitious glances round the church, between remarks which he pitchesforks in the direction of the bridegroom): You feel funky? Well, there's this consolation, you'll never have to do it again. Eh? You may have to do it again? Nice and complimentary for your bride, dear chap! What do you say? Have I got the ring? No, you've got it. Saw you put it into your waistcoat pocket in the vestry. (Hurriedly.) Don't feel for it, for heaven's sake! Every soul will know what you are doing. Eh? You could swear you haven't got it? My dear chap, I wish you had taken my advice and bought two. (Suddenly.) Oh! by Jove, it is in my pocket. How on earth—oh, I remember, you asked me to hold it for you in the vestry, and I suppose—awfully sorry. But how in the world am I to give it to you without the whole church seeing? (In low voice.) There's that Simpson-Grey girl staring at us for all she's worth—your good mother-in-law-to-be seems to have invited the world and his wife—lords and ladies—I see the Carnessters—and among the uninvited, a concourse of colliers' wives and daughters in the gallery. By Jove! I shall make a dash for the vestry door if the bride does not hurry up. You owe me a lot for this service, old chap!

COLLIER'S DAUGHTER (sitting in front row in gallery with hat laden with up-standing feathers and crushed flowers. She punctuates her remarks to her companion by the audible cracking of nuts): I wish some more grand folks would come, I do like to 'ear the rustlin' o' them silks. Mother got quite 'uffy this mornin' wen I said I was comin' 'ere. "You and yer weddin's," she says, "anybody would think it was yer own weddin', the fuss ye make." (Pointing.) Look at that 'at with white feathers, that's the kind of 'at I should like for bank 'oliday. Oh, my! wouldn't it make Jack look spry if I was to come out with such a one as that. (Looks about her enquiringly.) I do wish I'd brought a horange—nuts is so dry eatin'. 'Ave ye got a lollipop with ye? Ye 'ave'n't? (Enthusiastically.) Look at the bridegroom! In'n't e'andsome! I do like them 'igh collars that gets wears. Jack 'as one for Sunday made o' celleroid, but I guess the bridegroom's will be real linen. Wot a lot o' folks there's 'ere to be sure. The quality does turn out for weddin's. That's a

queer 'at that Miss Prankley's got on—it's like a owl. I don't reckon 'er among the quality, do you? She 'as'n't the air of Lady Carnesster. Lady Carnesster does carry 'er nose 'igh. Wotever's Miss Prankley doin'! My! if she isn't climin' onto the seat! (Excitedly.) Oh, there's the singers and the parsons, and they've begun a-singin'. The voice that breathes o'er Heden't! Wot I do think o' that 'ymn! Stand up, Tilly, they're all standin' downstairs. There she comes—and isn't she lovely! And oh, my! isn't there enough stuff in 'er gown as ul' make 'alf a dozen. Ye can't 'ear me speak because o' the singing? Well, I'se goin' to stop anyway. I allers 'ave a regular good cry at a weddin', it's that solemn like. I allers enjoy a weddin', nearly as well as a funeral.

As bride's procession goes towards chancel general subdued whispering all over the church, rustling of silks, and flicking of fans is heard. It ceases with the beginning of the marriage service.

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#### No. 1.—"THE WHITE FLAG."

I sent my love two roses—one  
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I meant to touch and test my fate;  
That night I should divine,  
The moment I should see my love,  
If her true heart were mine.

For if she holds me dear, I said,  
She'll wear my blushing rose;  
If not, she'll wear my cold lamarque  
As white as winter's snows.

My heart sank when I met her; sure  
I had been over bold,  
For on her breast my pale rose lay  
In virgin whiteness cold.

Yet with low words she greeted me,  
With smiles divinely tender;  
Upon her cheek the red rose dawned,  
The white rose meant surrender.

John Hay.

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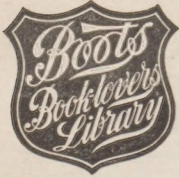
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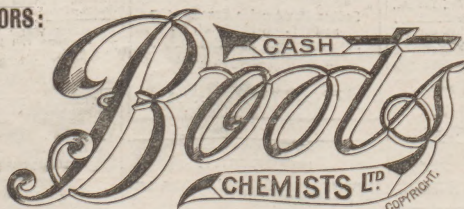
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(Open shortly.)  
31 High Street, Islington, N.  
(Open shortly.)  
LOUGHBORO  
10 Market Place  
LOWESTOFT  
The Marina  
LUTON  
27 George Street  
MACCLESFIELD  
19 Market Place  
MANCHESTER  
15-17 St. Ann Street, St.  
Ann's Square  
48-50 Oldham Street  
MELTON MOWBRAY  
South Parade  
MERTHYR TYDFIL  
125 High Street  
NEWARK  
14 Stodman Street  
NEWPORT (Mon.)  
42 Commercial Street  
NORTHAMPTON  
208 Gold Street  
NOTTINGHAM  
2-10 Pelham Street  
16-20 Goose Gate  
48 Arkwright Street  
181 Mansfield Road  
1 Mansfield Road  
208 St. Ann's Well Road  
Carrington Street  
777-179 Alfreton Road  
OSWESTRY  
6 The Cross  
OXFORD  
1 Queen Street, Carfax  
PETERBOROUGH  
17 Narrow Street  
PONTYPRIDD  
86 Taft Street  
PRESTON  
27 Fishergate  
READING  
6 Broad Street  
REDDITCH  
3 Evesham Street  
RETFORD  
67 Carolgate  
ROCHDALE  
42 Drake Street  
ROTHERHAM  
10 High Street  
RUGBY  
28 High Street  
RUNCORN  
Bridge Street  
ST. ALBANS  
The Galilee, Market Place  
ST. HELENS  
9 Ormskirk Street  
SALE  
16 School Road  
SHEFFIELD  
6 High Street  
252-254 West Street  
3-5 Middlewood Rd., Hillsboro  
202 South Street, Moor  
295 Ashfield Road  
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA  
112 High Street  
SOUTHPORT  
28 Chapel Street  
198-201 Lord Street  
STAFFORD  
3 Market Square  
STOKE-ON-TRENT  
3 Church Street  
STROUD  
23 Russell Street  
SWADLINCOTE  
High Street  
SWANSEA  
1-2 Oxford Street  
SWINDON  
27 Bridge Street  
TAUNTON  
55 North Street  
TUNSTALL  
61 High Street  
WALSALL  
10 Park Street  
WARRINGTON  
5 Bridge Street  
WATFORD  
9 Queen's Road  
WEDNESBURY  
14 Market Place  
WELLINGTON (Salop)  
18 Crown Street  
WEST BROMWICH  
195 High Street  
WESTON-SUPER-MARE  
59 High Street  
WEYMOUTH  
70 St. Mary Street  
WIDNES  
22 Victoria Road  
WIGAN  
47-49 Wallgate  
WINDSOR  
18 Thames Street  
WOLVERHAMPTON  
7-8 Queen Street  
WORCESTER  
73 High Street  
WORKSOP  
Bridge Place  
WORTHING  
24 South Street  
WREXHAM  
2 Westminster Buildings,  
Regent Street  
YARMOUTH  
28 Regent Street

